

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## A FARMER AND HIS APPLES

See  
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Two

### LOVE CARRIES ON THE WONDERFUL STORY BEHIND TWO LIVES

An Englishwoman Happy  
Somewhere in Hungary

#### WHY SHE WILL NOT RETURN HOME

This simple story of a woman's courage and devotion gains an added poignancy from the fact that it is still going on, and that it cannot, in the nature of things, have a happy ending.

When, immediately after the war, Transylvania was annexed by Rumania a certain young Hungarian civil servant lost his job in company with most of his fellows. Left wholly without resources he tried his hand at one thing after another, not disdaining even the lowliest and most arduous work.

He went through some years of appalling hardship, until his nerves gave way and his family said he must be sent to a sanatorium.

#### A Fateful Meeting

The sanatorium in question was in Germany, and during his stay there he met, three days before he left, a young and attractive English girl whose home was in South America. They felt immediately drawn to each other, and decided to go on corresponding.

Returning to Transylvania the young man found regular employment at last; but it was not a very profitable one, and he could not dream of asking his friend, whom he suspected of being very wealthy, to marry him, though he knew by then that he loved her. A year passed, then another, during which the exchange of letters brought the two young people closer to one another.

Then the young man had sadly to write that the correspondence must end, as the disease whose first symptoms had sent him to the sanatorium had made such headway that he had lost his work again. He bade her Goodbye, as he thought, for ever.

#### The Wonderful Cable

But only the day after his letter reached her he received a cable from her announcing her arrival. She came, saw the ravages disease had made in him, and declared her intention of marrying him. In vain he protested that he could not tie her lot to that of a pauper and a physical wreck; she said she had money enough for both, and that henceforth it would be her business to see that he was cured.

She took him, after a marriage by special licence, from one famous nerve specialist to another, with ever-diminishing hope, for all pronounced him incurable. Nevertheless they had some happy years together, and two fine children were born to them. Then came the world crisis, and the fortune which had seemed unlimited dwindled more and more till hardly anything was left.

### Taking Aim



A woman archer at a meeting of the Royal Toxophilite Society at the Ranelagh Club

But there was still a cottage in the country, and here the little family settled and a home was made, which only constant personal service and hard physical and mental labour on the wife's part keeps going.

Valiantly this woman, still young in years, has set herself between her invalid and the buffets of the world, asking nothing from life for herself but only for him. Her relatives, distressed and disapproving, have offered to provide the best of care for him for the rest of his life if she will consent to leave him and return to them and the kind of life she was used to; but the offer was unhesitatingly rejected.

The tragedy of it is that he is no longer the man he was, but he is the man for whom she exchanged her country, family, and friends; and it was only the other day that she answered the sympathetic inquiries of a friend in words of unconscious heroism which went straight to their hearer's heart. "No, he will never be better," she said; "but, thank God, the doctor says he may live to be eighty, with care."

### OUR FRONTIERS Protect Them With Goodwill

One of the most striking lectures on Disarmament ever heard in London was given by Professor G. B. Jeffery at Friends House, Euston Road.

So many peacemakers had come to hear him that even the passages outside the great hall were crowded.

"We have learned to control the forces of Nature, but we have not yet learned to live together," said the professor. "How can we escape from our fear of each other and live as nations in friendliness and peace?"

He spoke of the failure of the Disarmament Conference, and created a stir by suggesting that we should disarm whether other nations do so or not. Good always conquers evil, and he believes that, if we had no protection but goodwill at our frontiers, our example would so profoundly move the world that every nation would disarm. Peace is so well worth winning that we should be willing to suffer for the winning of it, he said.

### FUTURE OF THE NATION

GREAT ARMY OF  
CHILDREN SEEKING WORK  
Street Wanderers Who Should  
Be at School

#### THE YOUNG MUST BE TRAINED

Most British children leave school at 14, and either go to work or register as unemployed.

In April there were 110,455 such registered children, all under 18. In March the number was 89,000, and the big increase a month later was due to the large number leaving school at Easter.

What a story it is, this of children seeking work in times of depression, with no serious effort to guide them in choice of a career, and no adequate means of training them to do useful work!

For March 19 we have an official analysis, and it is of the deepest interest. The 89,000 registered boys and girls under 18 who were seeking work included 37,000 under 16.

It is some comfort that about 7000 were still attending school, but of about 30,000 under 16 who were looking for work 16,000 had never found a whole-time job.

Happily the new Unemployment Bill makes provision for the training and instruction of all unemployed children.

#### Lack of Skilled Workmen

There is a lamentable lack of skilled workmen in our country. Take building. Any middle-aged bricklayer or carpenter will testify that really capable young men of their trades are difficult to find. We are not training the young, who are therefore tempted to take the first work that offers, although it may be merely a blind alley.

Secondary school children, we may note, secure excellent assistance from the Employment Committees of headmasters and mistresses cooperating with 200 secondary schools, but it is a small number of our children who are in this favourable position.

We are glad to note that an increasing proportion of these secondary pupils seek other than clerical situations, but still about three out of four become clerks, and many others go into crowded trades. Over 100 boys became engineers.

How many more years will be allowed to pass before the nation safeguards its future by training and guiding every child?

#### THE EMPTY LAND

At present Australia, the great empty continent, is almost stationary in population, the increase being between 50,000 and 60,000 a year.

The population is now as nearly as possible 6,660,000. In two years the increase was barely 50,000 a year, for, although the surplus of births over deaths was 54,000 and 57,000, there was an outward excess of migrants.



## NUMBER TEN ONE MORE DICTATORSHIP IN EUROPE

Bulgaria's Swift Turn Round  
in the Dead of Night

### A PREMIER'S NEWS AT THE TELEPHONE

Bulgaria, by a swift and dramatic change in government in the dead of night, has added itself to the list of States now under a Dictatorship; it is the tenth on the list.

One more Parliament has ceased to exist, and the fourth and last of our enemies in the war has thrown over those democratic institutions for which the war was fought.

The revolution was a bloodless one, and was so partly because it was expected and partly because it solved problems which seemed insoluble by ordinary parliamentary methods.

#### The Party and the State

The political parties have for long been wrangling among themselves, seeking power more for the aggrandisement of the members of the Party than for the general welfare of the State itself. Victory at the polls had meant the dismissal of hosts of officials in order that their places might be filled by both competent and incompetent supporters of the victorious Party. Spoils for the victor was one of the old evils of our own parliamentary system generations ago, and even democratic America has not entirely eliminated this evil.

The truth of the matter is probably that parliamentary government must be a thing of slow growth and cannot be imposed on a nation unaccustomed to the give-and-take and loyalty to minorities essential to its continuance. For its success strong discipline is needed by the whole people and its political leaders, and when this fails the one disciplined force automatically attains supreme power. This has often happened in recent years.

In Bulgaria it is the Army which is behind the success of the group now claiming that its hour has struck to wipe away the corruption which has swept over Bulgaria. It is perhaps strange that the Army should have so much power, especially as its numbers were reduced to 20,000 men under the Peace Treaty of Neuilly after the war, one-third of what it was before the war. But there are many ex-officers.

#### Two Dramatic Incidents

Two very dramatic incidents marked the stroke of May 19. One was the interview of King Boris with a group of generals in the dark hours of the night, when they compelled him to dismiss his Cabinet; and the other was the attempt of the former Prime Minister, Nicholas Moushanoff, to telephone to his Minister of War, only to be told by a voice at the telephone that he was no longer Prime Minister.

It was a great disappointment to many people that Bulgaria failed to join the recent Balkan Pact, and also that as a State she was not following the lead of her king in developing friendship with Yugo-Slavia. The new rulers proclaim that they wish to establish peace on a firmer footing and to secure better relations with Yugo-Slavia, Soviet Russia, and their other neighbours as well as to abolish the corruption so prevalent within their borders.

#### PIGEON POST

A regular pigeon post operates between the lighthouse on Ailsa Craig, a rocky islet in the Firth of Clyde, and the mainland.

The birds carry the letters in aluminium containers clipped on to their legs, the whole mail-bag weighing less than a quarter of an ounce.

## OUR PLAIN MAN ON THE ODDFELLOW

Fine Story of a Great  
Movement

### ITS CONTRIBUTION TO A SOUND DEMOCRATIC CIVILISATION

Our plain man, Mr Baldwin, has been talking to the Oddfellows.

"If the whole country had been covered by a society such as theirs there would have been no need for our Health Insurance Act."

Mr Stanley Baldwin paid this great compliment to the Oddfellows Friendly Society of Manchester in a speech he made at their international conference at the Albert Hall. Mr Baldwin has long been a member, and he declared that he looked back upon the work he did for this society as a young man as some of the best and most enduring work he had ever done.

The work of the members was voluntary, and was very characteristic of our democratic institutions. The movement sprang directly from the people of this country, with nothing official and nothing governmental about it. The procedure of the Oddfellows had always been on sound democratic lines, the members remodelling their rules in the light of experience, a practice which was the essence of a great democracy.

#### Infinite Variety of Work

It was not possible to read English history, declared Mr Baldwin, without being profoundly impressed with the infinite variety of work, for the benefit of the whole people, which originated with the people themselves; trade unions, elementary education, and friendly society work all grew up spontaneously in a free country and among free people. There was no country which could show a similar contribution to democratic civilisation.

Mr Baldwin said that if he were asked why this country had so far escaped the recent revolutions and dictatorships abroad, and why this country, as he believed, would escape them for good, he would reply that it was largely due to the education and the discipline provided for thousands of their people by the trade unions and friendly societies.

### THE CHINA TREE IN A HAMPSHIRE GARDEN

From Lymington comes news of a tree from China now in bloom in its Hampshire garden.

A tall and slender tree from Western China, known as the Davidia involucrata, has burst into bloom in its new home.

The flower of this tree resembles that of the walnut, having a hard green kernel from which shoot white stamens like a porcupine's quills. From the flower's base hang two long white paperlike petals.

Only on very rare occasions has a tree of this species been known to bloom in England. It stands in a border of rare shrubs and trees in the grounds of Captain Clarke of Vicar's Hill, Lymington.

#### 90 MINUTES BOTH WAYS

A letter has been dispatched from Nottingham to London and a reply received to it in an hour and a half. This is a record for correspondence between points 125 miles apart.

This letter was sent by the Lord Mayor of Nottingham to the Postmaster-General at the inauguration of a commercial air service between Nottingham and London. The letter was dropped into an airmail pillar-box, collected, and taken by Post Office motor-van to the aerodrome five miles away. An aeroplane carried it to Radlett, and from there it was sent to the Postmaster-General, who telephoned a reply. This reply was recorded by the Telex system and delivered to the Lord Mayor.

## SCHOLAR WHO INSPIRED SHAKESPEARE

Arthur Golding's Window

### THE POET AND HIS SCHOOLBOOK

*Ye airs and winds, ye elves of hills or  
brooks, or woods alone,  
Of standing lakes and of the night,  
approach ye everyone.*

These are the first lines of a beautiful passage in Arthur Golding's translation of Ovid which inspired William Shakespeare in his immortal farewell, and Shakespeare was undoubtedly thinking of them when he wrote Prospero's great speech in the last act of The Tempest, announcing that he would break his staff and drown his book deeper than did ever plummet sound.

It is humanly certain that in his last piece of writing Shakespeare went back to a book he loved as a boy, the translation of Ovid by the famous Puritan Arthur Golding. It was one of the books the great poet knew at school.

#### A Gift From Sir Philip Sidney

Arthur Golding, translator, poet, and scholar, has just been commemorated by a heraldic window at Belchamp St Paul, his ancestral home in Essex, where lies in the chancel a fine portrait in brass of his brother William in Elizabethan armour. It is not known where Arthur himself was buried when he died in 1606. He was a great Elizabethan scholar, translating Caesar's Commentaries as well as Ovid and dedicating the work to the great William Cecil, Lord Burghley. Another great friend of his was Sir Philip Sidney, who, when he left England for the campaign in which he met his heroic death, handed to Golding his translation of De Mornay's Truth of Christianity, asking him to complete and publish it. Arthur Golding did so, and translated other religious books, among them sermons by Calvin, for Golding was an earnest Puritan, denouncing the performance of stage plays on Sundays.

The Golding family traces back to the Conquest, and the new window in the village church was given and unveiled by Mr Louis Golding, a direct descendant who lives in America.

### MYSTERIES IN OUR BODIES

#### The Master Gland and Its Secretions

Protected from injury in a bony cavity at the base of the skull lies a gland which controls most of the unconscious workings of the human body. This gland, which weighs less than one-fifth of an ounce, is known as the pituitary gland and produces secretions which control growth and other ductless glands in different parts of the body.

For long the functions of this gland were a mystery, but in recent years it has been studied with increasing interest. Professor Edward Dodds of the Middlesex Hospital in London has been lecturing on recent discoveries about this gland; he declares that it holds the innermost secrets of health and disease.

He has investigated the chemical nature and molecular structure of many of the hormones, as the secretions of this gland are called. Many of these hormones have been isolated, and synthetic substances almost identical with them have been made in the laboratory. One of the most important extracts from the gland is pituitrin, which doctors have used for some time in treating shock after accidents or operations. This extract contracts the unstriated muscle and checks bleeding.

Extracts from glands have done much to cure hitherto incurable diseases, and scientists like Professor Dodds work enthusiastically on these in the hope that remedies may be found for diseases we now regard as hopeless.

## AN APPLE FOR THE BABOON

Farmer's Good For Evil

### NEW KIND OF TRUE STORY FROM SOUTH AFRICA

Many are the tales men tell of baboons in South Africa, but we can guess that the baboons have been chattering freely about one South African farmer and the surprise he gave them.

One day a native arrived at their haunt in the Komga mountains with a wagonload of apples, which he scattered for their breakfast. He had arrived with this present from Mr Kritzinger, a farmer in Langkloof, who had also given the native a wagonload of apples. This generosity was due to the amazing success of this year's apple crop, which reached an unheard-of record.

Mr Kritzinger was so overjoyed that he declared that anybody could come and help himself. He also decided to return good for evil, and that is why he sent the wagonload to the baboons.

Baboons are among the worst enemies of the fruit-farmer in South Africa, coming down by night and robbing his orchards. When they come marauding they act with an intelligence positively amazing, sending out scouts to see if the land is clear and posting sentinels to give warning of the approach of man.

Their intelligence is extraordinary, as the ancient Egyptians knew well, for they kept them as pets. There is an ancient sculpture showing three baboons sitting in the branches of a fruit-bearing sycamore, slaves with baskets standing on either side of the tree receiving fruit picked by the baboons.

#### THE L.M.S. HOUSE

The L.M.S. is the latest railway company to convert trucks into caravans, and the first of these has been on view at Euston.

It is a jolly little house, gaily painted inside and out, and fitted with plate, linen, and almost everything that could be needed on holiday. Tea was laid in the sitting-room, and very inviting the table looked with a vase of flowers and plates set ready for the holiday-makers who were about to start on a tour.

During the season a caravan may be hired for £3 10s a week. By buying only four tickets a family of six can travel to any place on the alluring list given in the Lake District, Wales, Yorkshire, and several other counties. When the train reaches its destination the caravan is backed on to a country siding. There are two large comfortable beds in each of the three bedrooms.

### THINGS SAID

Every German has a gas mask.

General Goering

I just did what I could.

A Hastings schoolboy who saved a life

I'm afraid I'm very dirty.

Miss Jean Batten on reaching Australia

Palestine is today the only bright spot in the world.

General Smuts

The citizen has forgotten his old pride of standing squarely on his feet.

Mr John Buchan, M.P.

Nations where life is simplest have come out best in the World Crisis.

John Masefield

All over the world is militant Atheism and militant Bolshevism. What is needed is militant Christianity.

Bishop O'Doherty

We should work up to the principle that privileges are only justified by the fulfilment of responsibilities. Lord Middleton

The first British story film was The Soldier's Courtship, and the films have been too concerned with soldiers and courtship ever since.

Mr John Hill



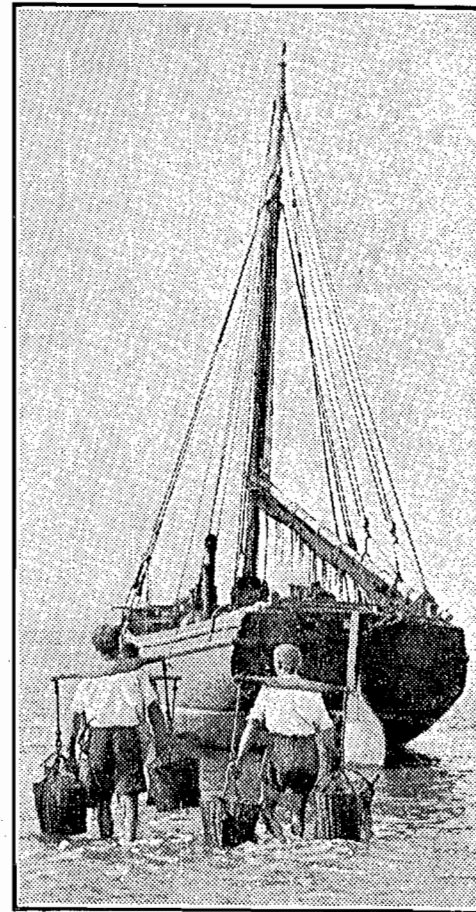
# TWIN FOALS · CLIMBING IN HARROW AND THE HIMALAYAS · COCKLES



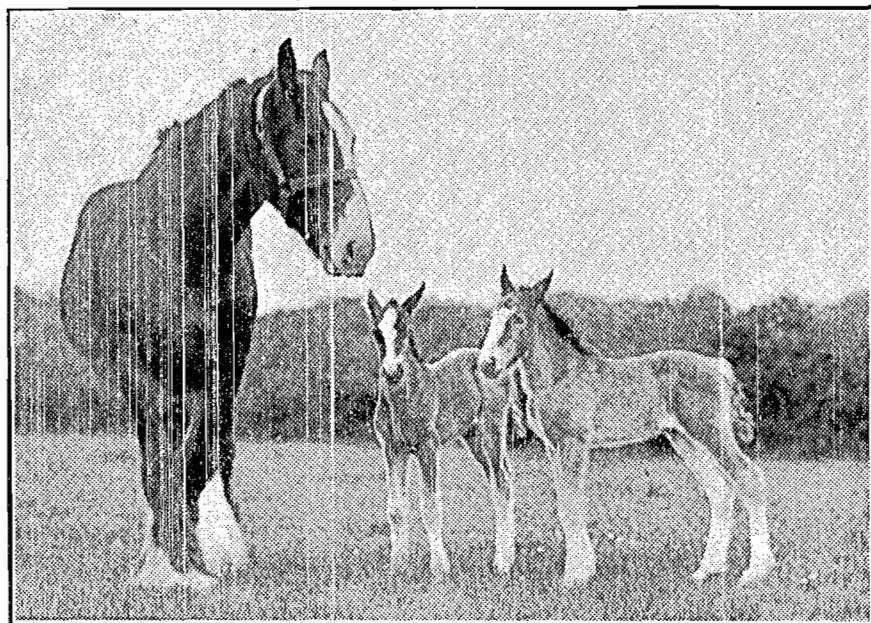
Coming Ashore—Bert Barry, former sculling champion of the world, carries his skiff from the river at Mortlake, where he is training.



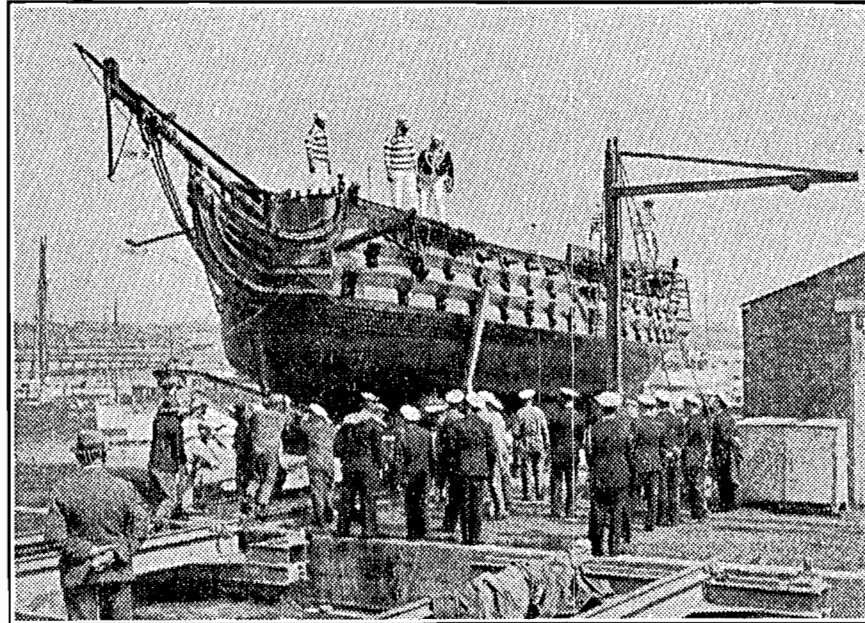
A Critical Audience—A study of two young naval cadets with all their attention absorbed in a display given by some of their comrades.



The Cockle Boat—These fishermen off Shoeburyness are busy with a catch of cockles, which form a favourite dish of the Cockney holidaymaker.



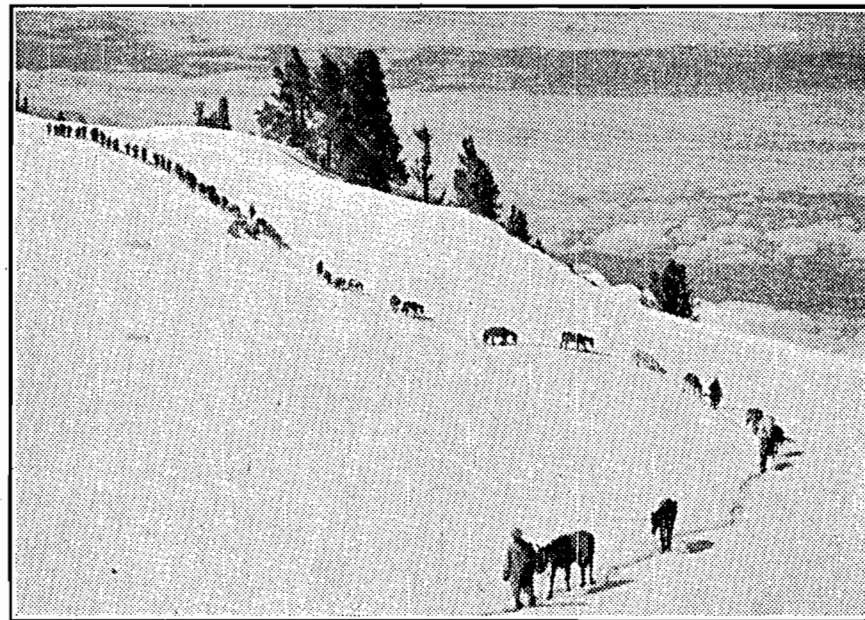
Mother and Little Ones—Here is a delightful and somewhat rare picture of twin foals and their mother, a Shire mare, on a farm near Birkenhead.



The Little Victory—The model of Nelson's flagship being launched at Gosport in readiness for the Portsmouth Navy Week which will be held in August.



Vertical Steps—To reach their work the men who are repainting a big gasholder at Harrow simply climb up and down the joints between the sections. They probably consider that they are in no more danger than the pedestrian who crosses a busy street.



A Himalayan Pass—A German expedition is attempting to climb the unconquered Mount Nanga Parbat, one of the highest peaks of the Himalayas. The baggage train of hundreds of natives and ponies is here seen trailing across the snow-covered Trabgal Pass.



## THIS CHANGING LAND HOW IT IS DEVELOPING

### The Coal Dictatorship is Growing Weaker and Weaker SOUTH GAINS ON THE NORTH

In the old days we could truly say that British work was grouped round the coalmines.

Coal was like a magnet for the raw materials of industry and for the people needed to work on them. Where coal was there the factory chimneys smoked, and there the workers clustered.

This, called the Industrial Revolution, changed healthy agricultural labourers and their wives and children into pale city workers. The villages ceased to grow; the towns unhealthily expanded; the slums were born.

A map of British coalmines, therefore, was also a map of coal-based industry. As coal is chiefly situated in the North, the Midlands, and South Wales these places became black hives of industry. One is called the Black Country, but all earned the name.

#### King Coal's Rival

Still coal is the chief basis of industry, and our main works are near coal. King Coal, however, has now to compete with oil, and we transmute him into electricity and use great cables to carry his energy far from the mines. So industry becomes more widespread.

And so the South gains on the North. More and more of our new factories are set up in or near London, in Surrey, Middlesex, Kent, and Essex.

Last year, in the North, 155 old factories were closed and only 127 new ones opened, while 27 were extended.

Round London great progress was made; 220 new factories were opened and 25 extended, while 107 old ones were closed down.

In the country as a whole the new factories of 1933 numbered 463, so that Greater London established nearly half. Cheap land, low rent, and low rates offer great attractions in Outer London, where often 20 acres can be bought for £1000 to £2000.

And we may note that in over 90 per cent of the new factories electricity is used. Presently it will be the sole source of industrial energy. The 463 new factories of 1933 employ 29,500 people.

#### The Flourishing Trades

Let us see what trades are flourishing enough to call for more factories. The first is clothing, with 114; the second textiles, with 62. Then follow engineering 46, food, drink, and tobacco 38, timber 34, iron and steel 31, paper and printing 31.

So our country changes. A new generation knows nothing of what once flourished. A mining village, black and forbidding, may fall as easily as "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain."

The new factories are usually sweet and clean, well warmed and ventilated. Worked by electricity they remain bright, and their workers often know better homes than those which arose around the coalmines.

Surely there is nothing sadder to contemplate in industry than a derelict industrial area which lost the means to create wealth before it learned how to use the wealth it once made!

It is to be hoped that will not come to be written of the New Industrial Revolution which is establishing its factories in healthy places.

#### 270 QUEENS

The children of Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, were offered a prize for the greatest number of Queen wasps caught during May. John Cooper bagged 270, and next to him came a girl and a boy with 150 each.

## LUCKY WOODHAM WALTER

### Playing-Fields For Ever THE ENGLISH VILLAGE THE ABERDEEN MAN LOVED

The silly joke about Aberdeen will never be made again in Woodham Walter, for it is from a native of Aberdeen that this happy English village has received a fortune.

The generous benefactor had lived here for a generation, and has bequeathed to the village the magnificent sum of fifty thousand pounds.

For many years he had thrown open his grounds at Warren Farm to the people of the village and had laid out pitches for cricket, football, and other games which they might enjoy. It was his desire that the village games should not die with him, and this splendid legacy is to be devoted to maintaining Warren Farm and its playing-fields.

#### A Fairy Godfather

Henry Thompson had been the fairy godfather of Woodham Walter since he went to live there. He always employed more hands than he really needed on his farm, even maintaining a horse-drawn carriage rather than a car. In addition to the legacy, which will mean so much to the younger members of the village, he has left large sums for the poor of the parish and many charitable causes. Many members of his staff have been remembered as well as the five partners in his London business.

Woodham Walter is a delightful village between Danbury and Maldon in Essex; there are lovely gorse-clad commons and delightful views inland and over the estuary of the Blackwater. Mr Thompson is not the first benefactor of the village, for it has a perfect little Tudor church of red brick entirely built by Thomas, Earl of Essex, in the middle of the 16th century, when very few new churches were being built.

## LADY SMITH OF LADYSMITH

Most of us have heard of the relief of Ladysmith, but until Sir Ian Hamilton told the story to a meeting of South African War Veterans in London few young people knew of the way in which the town got its name.

Juana Maria de los Dolores was the Lady Smith after whom it was called. She was rescued on the night of the storming of Badajos, with blood running down her neck where her earrings had been torn away. She was only 13.

Her rescuer was Major Harry Smith, whose side she never afterwards left, and who married her. She rode at his side in many battles, even at Orthez, when she had a broken ankle.

After Waterloo Sir Harry Smith went to South Africa, and commanded in the Kaffir War of 1835. He called one place Harrismith after himself, and another Ladysmith after his lovely wife.

Sir Ian Hamilton has just been given some little trinkets which belonged to Lady Smith and photographs of the pair. They were given him by a lady whose aunt was Lady Smith's companion. He is going to offer them to the Mayor of Ladysmith for the Museum.

## MISS JEAN BATTEN'S GREAT FLIGHT

In flying from England to Australia in just under 15 days Miss Jean Batten displayed an endurance and a skill which will place her in the front rank of pioneers in flight.

She flew alone on a machine which was five years old and had only a speed of 80 miles an hour. She reached her destination as quickly as the new aeroplanes with twice the flying speed will reach it.

It was a great achievement, and Miss Batten's success is an example to us all not to be beaten by preliminary failures, for this was Miss Batten's third attempt.

## A PEACE BONFIRE

### No More Toy Pistols THE MESSAGE OF THE RAINBOW FROM SYRIA

While statesmen are making the world sad with their inability to work together for peace, to the younger generation comes the challenge to dare to walk in a better way. Here is one good idea for taking the first step in that way.

C.N. readers will remember Dr Nansen's great work for Armenian war refugees in Syria and how the League of Nations has been helping with a housing scheme there. Many of the older women, who have no husbands to work for them, can only earn a living by doing needlework or spinning, and under the guidance of Miss Edith Roberts they have been making Rainbow Cloth, white cloth striped with seven colours.

#### Between God and Man

To the Jews the rainbow was a sign that all was well between God and Man. The Rainbow Cloth has something of the same significance to the poor Armenians. A few weeks ago the children of Aleppo had this symbolical ceremony. All those who had toy pistols to play with brought them and burned them in a great bonfire, receiving in exchange peace flags made of Rainbow Cloth. On top of the roof of the house named after Dr Nansen they waved their flags and sang, and since then others have brought their pistols to be exchanged for flags.

The people who lived through darkness have seen a great light; those who suffered in the war see their children preparing for peace. You can help to make this light grow brighter. You can buy a peace flag for a shilling from Pilgrim Frances, Nyegate, Cowbridge, South Wales; and if you have a pistol or a gun already (or even a catapult which can do harm to people as well as break windows) would it not be fun to have a bonfire as the children of Aleppo did? Peace has to be bought, and the giving-up of war toys which make you think of war as a game is part of the price that you can pay.

## DISCOVERING RADIUM

### Madame Curie Loses a Friend FIRST DAYS OF WORLD'S RICHEST POSSESSION

The last of the scientists who helped Madame Curie in her work on radium has passed away.

He was Mr Henry Koenig, and he may be numbered among the martyrs to science, for he died from a disease of the hip caused by his work as a radiologist.

The story of Madame Curie's discovery of radium in 1898 is one of the fairy tales of science. Desperately poor, she and her husband worked in a tumble-down shed with old sacks thrust into its gaping cracks and openings as their laboratory, living in a tiny cottage in a squalid neighbourhood. From a ton of uranium residues they managed to extract a grain or two of radium salts.

Not long after they had placed this treasure in a phial her husband accidentally dropped it on the floor and scattered all the known radium in the world. They set to work and collected every speck of dust and boiled and baked and crystallised all they collected in order to recover the lost treasure.

Mr Koenig's great contribution was that he evolved a system of radium extraction cheaper than any hitherto known, and thus made this most expensive element available to more of the world's sufferers than it would otherwise have been.

## Your Share of the Peace of the World

For 11s a year you may send the C.N. each week to any child on Earth

## VISITING OUR VISITORS

### Ebb of the American Tourist Tide

## EUROPE VISITING AMERICA FOR A CHANGE

For decades Europe has been flooded every summer with American tourists, but this year the tables are turned. The cheap dollar and tempting arrangements offered by enterprising travel agencies have lured numbers of Europeans to the shores of the New World for their holiday.

New Yorkers, watching this influx, have been surprised to find that tourists are not alike the world over. The American in Europe is a conscientious visitor to things he thinks he ought to see: museums, cathedrals, historical landmarks. He is devoted to quaint streets and quaint restaurants. The Europeans in America seek none of these things. They want to see all that is big and modern and typical of the New World—the skyscrapers, the magnificent new bridges, Wall Street, Broadway at night.

Their manners differ as much as their tastes. Americans abroad are notorious critics of all life's mechanical details that do not function exactly as where they came from. French coffee and the London telephone service alike have served to evoke satire.

New York has been surprised by the fact that the visitors within her gates have not once criticised the bales of dirty papers that litter her streets, the sloppy cup and saucer hastily thrust at them at the quick-lunch counter, or any of the other more obvious defects of her social organisation. The Europeans, in short, seem to be setting the younger country an example in manners for visitors.

## WHO'S AFRAID OF THE RUSSIAN BEAR?

### The Idea That Beats Politics

Today the foreign seaman who lands friendless in the Russian capital, with a queer feeling somewhere, sees the welcome sign Medical Station for Foreign Seamen on a building named after that great Norwegian explorer and League-of-Nations man Nansen.

Here he gets the advice and help he needs. Ten years ago he would have had just to go on worrying.

For it was ten years ago that Norway had her great idea: Why not establish welfare stations for seamen in all the great ports of the world, all run on parallel lines so that the seamen would know what to expect?

In each country the guiding spirit was to be the Red Cross, and the uniform plans were to be worked out through the League of Red Cross Societies in Paris. As the Red Cross and the Red Crescent Societies of the Soviet Union did not adhere to this League there was some doubt if they would come into the scheme.

But they did, and the Nansen Station in Leningrad stands today as a proof that the idea of human helpfulness can triumph over all the differences of opposing political doctrines which rend nations asunder. We see the great tempestuous Russian Bear following Norway's peaceful lead to make the world a less heartless place for "those who go down to the sea in ships."

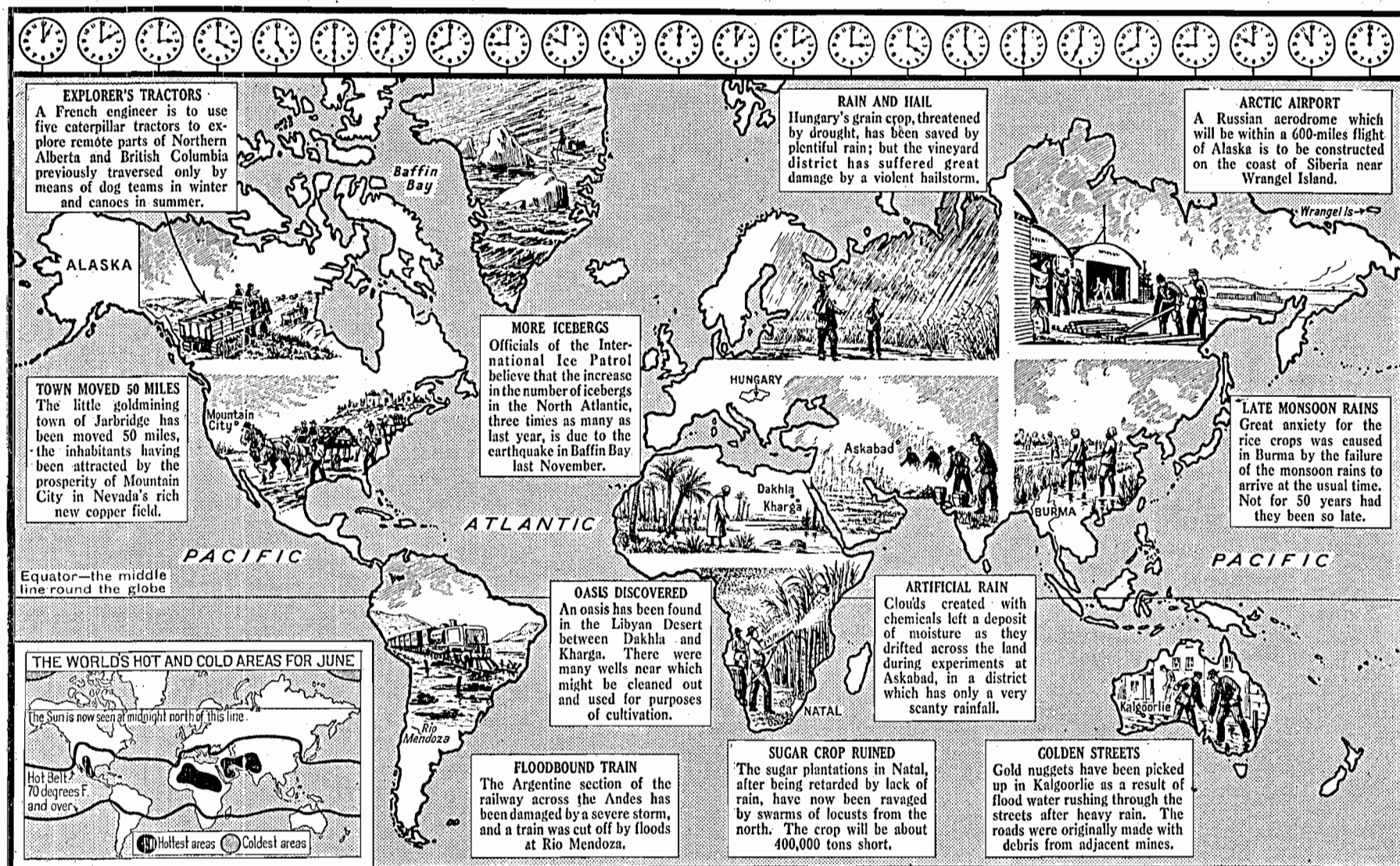
#### INTO THE MUSEUM

The United States War Department has issued an order for all cavalry sabres to be collected and stored because of "the improbability of their use in the future." They go to join the battle-axe and the spear in museums.

We look forward to the happy day when we shall be able to say as much for all the horrid "trappings of war."



## PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD

FRANCE REMEMBERS  
HER HEROESThe Festival of the Sea  
GALLANT LITTLE ROGER

We like the way the French put aside a day each year as the festival of their heroes of the sea, gathering in the Sorbonne, the Paris University, all those whose deeds are to be rewarded.

Breton caps, fisherfolk's cardigans, and sailor collars, ruddy-faced men, women, and children for that day take the place of students and books.

The first name to be called at this year's festival was that of the coxswain of the Camaret lifeboat, which in 21 journeys saved 60 lives. He was presented with a cross and declared a Knight of the Legion of Honour.

Then came the coxswain of the lifeboat Marshal Foch, who had taken his boat out through 27 storms and saved 81 lives. Madame Foch presented him with a gold medal and kissed him in the name of the late marshal, who had christened the boat.

After the names of 46 lifeboats came 49 cargo and fishing-boats, and then the names of 102 individuals, several of them children who had rescued other children from drowning. The loudest applause sounded when twelve-year-old Roger Rivaal went up to receive his medal, for though he has only one leg, the other being paralysed, he had jumped into the sea and saved a child.

## PETER PAN, BOWMAN

Robin Hood and William Tell ought to have been at Tsinan, capital of Shantung Province in China, the other day.

A great athletic meeting was held, attended by some 30,000 people. One of the contests was for archers. It was won by a man of 96.

Here is an ideal to aim at: so to live that in old age the eye is as steady and true as a boy's. We may be pretty certain that this archery champion has had nothing to do with alcohol.

THE STRONG ROOM  
OF SEVENOAKS  
An Inspiration

We were delighted the other day to give publicity to the most excellent idea which has come about in Sevenoaks of a municipal strong room where precious documents can be kept.

We much regret, however, that we in some way gave the credit for the idea to Mr W. D. Judd, who writes modestly disclaiming any credit in the matter. Mr Judd informs us that the inspiration for the idea came from Dr Gordon Ward, whom we well know to be one of the greatest authorities in Sevenoaks on all ancient matters and one of the town's most popular citizens. We congratulate Dr Ward as well as Sevenoaks on being the pioneers of an idea which must spread far and wide until every man in this country may have a safe keeping-place for anything of great value.

WELL DONE, PORTER  
And Well Done, Leeds Station

There is an Indian gentleman who has a very high opinion of the intelligence and honesty of English railwaymen.

The Earl of Lytton has just told the story at Manchester University, where he received the degree of Doctor of Law.

The Indian gentleman was sitting in a train at Leeds Station, and asked a porter to get him an evening paper, giving the man a shilling. But before the errand could be accomplished the train moved on.

Next morning he was astonished to receive a letter from the railway company saying that an evening paper and eleven pennies were waiting for him at Leeds Central Station in the Lost Property Office.

The porter had read and remembered the name on the luggage label.

ROAST BEEF OF NEW  
ENGLANDExtraordinary Rise of  
Dominion Imports

Frozen beef from Australia and New Zealand has been coming in freely.

If we take the first four months of the year, and compare 1932 with 1934, we find that Australian imports have increased from 166,000 to 249,000 cwts.

While from January to April 1932 New Zealand sent us only 25,000 cwts of frozen beef, this year the quantity was 242,000 cwts.

It is these imports which have demoralised beef prices. The British farmer naturally complains. The issue is greatly troubling the Government.

IN GERMAN SCHOOLS  
Bayonet Drill

Mr Duff Cooper, a junior member of the Government, tells us that in Germany they are lecturing on the "Beauty of War" in schools, and have introduced a new game known as "War Sport" in which the pupils are taught to dig trenches and handle bayonets.

The war spirit in Germany is deplorable; but let us not forget that it is stimulated by the continuing attempt to reduce the German people to a position of permanent inferiority.

## THE RAT IN THE BOX

A strange sight has been seen in a Leeds suburb.

A fox-terrier was frantically chasing a rat which, in sheer desperation of finding any other place of refuge, ran up a street letter-box and disappeared through the slot.

It happened just before the final collection, but whether the postman found something awaiting him more animated than a pile of letters we do not know.

AMERICA NATIONALISES  
SILVERGovernment Buys Up Stocks  
INCREASING ITS PURCHASING  
POWER

President Roosevelt, having nationalised the American gold supply, has now decided to nationalise silver.

The Treasury will buy up silver until it has enough to form a quarter of the metallic reserve backing the paper currency. That is to say, its hoard of precious metals will come to consist of three parts gold and one part silver. This means that the American Government will buy up (or takes power to buy up) over 1000 million ounces.

America is a great silver-producing country, and President Roosevelt's action will raise the price of silver and thus increase its purchasing power in relation to other commodities.

Authority is taken to buy silver up to a price of 50 cents an ounce. To prevent speculative profit a tax of 50 per cent is levied on all gains from silver deals.

The ultimate object of this silver policy appears to be to obtain the world-wide establishment of a joint gold and silver standard. Those who favour silver as a standard of value argue that the exchange of goods would be greatly increased if silver money were maintained at a definite ratio to gold, but the world's greatest economists are opposed to what is termed Bimetallism.

The chief producers of silver are the United States, Canada, Mexico, India, Japan, Germany, Australia, and Peru; and all these countries would gain greatly by a world agreement to make silver artificially dear. Such an agreement, however, is most unlikely.

He Came Fifty Years  
Too Soon

See Arthur Mee's Heroes this week



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 9

1934



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Seeds of Kindness

SOMEONE has been carrying out an idea which many kindly people must have thought about, if only vaguely. This particular kindly friend has been rearing plants for dwellers in new Council houses whose gardens are a pitiful waste.

In time, no doubt, these gardens will be made to flower in some way; but how many generations are going to pass before they have good trees?

In every garden there should be a tree of some kind to bring in the spring with the pale, small beauty of its leaves, and to cast shade on roof and walls baked by the south-westerly sun in midsummer. As small gardens will only hold one tree it should be a deciduous tree. Evergreens never grow to the generous spread of a "tree of the field," and evergreens, which grow dirty and dull in towns, never stir the soil with beauty like a budding sycamore or a chestnut.

A friend of the C.N. is watching with immense pride two baby trees that are the result of planting, as an experiment, a beechnut and an acorn in a flower-pot three years ago.

If every lover of trees and everyone with a kind heart were to pick up some beechnuts and acorns, walnuts and chestnuts, and plant them in pots in the ordinary way, and shelter them for a winter or two against rabbits and frost, there would soon be a tremendous young nursery coming on in thousands of happy gardens for planting in the gardens of thousands of Council houses still to be built.

Trees need our first attention, as they take so many years to grow, but this summer we can also save our flower seeds, from brooms, sweet williams, delphiniums, lupins, and suchlike. The owner of the baby beech and the oak has experimented a great deal with sowing seed and growing from her own stock. She has enough sweet williams, for instance, ready for planting for next spring to make radiant a dozen gardens, and enough seed to plant a ten-acre field.

Many people could grow acres of flowers for the bare gardens of England, and probably would, but for the problem of distribution. It has been suggested that in the country the Women's Institutes would undertake that work, and in the town the Townswomen's Guilds and Scouts and Guides, for none of these is too grand to take to heart that hackneyed old hymn with such a golden meaning, *Scatter seeds of kindness for our reaping by and by.*

## What Will Mankind Do With It?

NO more does the scholar "crawl like snail unwillingly to school."

School, as Mr J. J. Biggs, President of our Head Teachers, remarked the other day, has become a place where children are happy; and so it happens that the announcement of a holiday is not greeted with wild enthusiasm as of old.

We think Mr Biggs right, and we agree with him that education is "the only antidote to the Machine Age." The workman who becomes a machine-minder needs culture even more than the craftsman, and his condition is pitiable if he has nothing to do with his leisure.

Increasing leisure is before mankind. What will mankind do with it? Education will decide.

## The Age of Plenty

A FURTHER great step in the feeding of mankind is reported.

Mr Efraim Rabinovitch, a Jew, has discovered how to make wheat bread embodying grain and husk. If this is true the world's wheat crop will be virtually increased in size by a fourth. Five grains of wheat appear where four appeared before!

But already the nations are meeting to decide how to cut down the wheat crops to keep up prices!

Science, however, will prove too strong for the money and price magicians. Plenty will come. And presently the minds of men, better informed, will impel them to use plenty, to increase plenty, to rejoice in plenty, to distribute plenty.

## How To Be Loved

I AM born happy every morning, writes Edith Wharton in her new book, *A Backward Glance*.

It is easier, no doubt, to be born happy every morning if you have money and fame; but there are less fortunate people who manage it too. And they are the people who draw friends to them, as a fire draws men to the hearthside on a chilly evening.

## Innocent Feathers

THE vagaries of fashion, however trivial, have a profound influence on life and work. Trades are prosperous or depressed, the lives of birds saved or sacrificed, through pure whimsies of fancy in clothing and decoration.

We do not know why the very real beauty of the ostrich feather ceased to be appreciated by women, but we may rejoice that the fashion for wearing them is to be revived, if only to save the lives of other birds producing plumage. The ostrich feather is an innocent vanity which, unlike the plumes of the egret and the bird of paradise, is obtained without cruelty.

## Sitting on the Garden Wall

WE have heard one plan for this summer which fills us with delightful anticipation.

Barbara S, a young girl very fond of reading aloud, whose parents have a garden with a very low wall running along a country lane, says she will read aloud near the lane on fine summer evenings, and the villagers can come and seat themselves on the top of the wall and listen, if they like, to the reader in the garden!

It is a good idea, and reminds us of that faithful Italian near Pavia who for years read the Bible aloud on the warm Italian evenings to the local populace. They crowded along with great pleasure to hear him, and listened with reverence.

## Tip-Cat

THE American Attorney-General says England is on the square. Has he been trying to get round us?

HATS for next to nothing are being advertised. But who will admit that they have nothing to put them next to?

Peter Puck  
Wants  
To Know



If the man  
who met a  
bear had a  
tight squeeze

automatic Age in the home. When the housewife will no longer get wound up.

A MOUNTAINEER was saved through clinging to a cleft in the rock. Had evidently got his hand in.

AN author asks if it is worth while to write your own life-story. That is hard to tell.

SOME fish travel half round the world. Seaside landladies make them go farther.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE Canadian Parliament has refused to legalise hospital sweepstakes.

A DOCTOR has been fined for leaving litter on Hampstead Heath.

IN the year ending in March more houses were built in England than in any year since the war.

## JUST AN IDEA

We shall all be more prosperous in a prosperous world than any one of us can be in a ruined world.

## The Litter Lout Gives Thanks

SCENE: A forest glade. The Spirit of Beauty is greeting Litter Lout, who has just entered in walking garb.

Spirit of Beauty

WELCOME, Stranger, to this glade! Gifts of peace and summer shade

Lavish on thee I'll bestow. Here the starry champions grow, And the bluebell, whose cool stem Shows, when plucked, a silver hem. For thee eglantine shall breathe Sweetness. Linnets' songs shall wreathe.

If thou'rt weary, lay thy head Where the moss his cloak doth spread.

Echoes of the city's hum Here to wake thee ne'er shall come!

Litter Lout

THANKS, good Spirit! Never fear, I shall be well suited here.

Gifts you proffer? Well, I too Can be liberal as you!

Cradled in my knapsack lie Oranges which charm the eye.

See, among the flowers and dew I their golden peel will strew!

Next the chocolate's argent sheath Shall bedeck the grass beneath

These tall beeches. Now like snow Paper bags the ground shall strow.

Spirit, my beneficence I perceive astounds your sense!

Learn, then, that my bounteous store

Can afford thee one gift more!

Spirit, ere I bid good-day, Ere I journey on my way,

Into yonder bush I'll toss (Fragrant as the stick called joss)

This small stub of cigarette, See, the smoke curls from it yet!

(Exit, leaving Spirit of Beauty speechless.)

## To a Hyde Park Tree

By Our Town Girl

IT seemed as though your sweet brief hours had passed.

Snowing the grass your heaped pale petals lay;

And as the spring grew richer, one by one

Your flowers fell. It seemed you'd had your day.

O little tree, so daring that before Great Nature had unfurled a leaf, yet you

Put forth your blossoms till, a lonely queen,

Your rosy head was crowned against the blue.

AND: See! the children cried, The spring is here!

Though after that the rain came and the snow,

Till when at last came April to the Earth,

Your beauty that had been had fallen low.

BUT resurrection was in your dark wood,

Now deep in your young green a wild bird sings;

You were a queen; you are a queen again.

O lovely tree! Who else could know two springs?



## THE MOST VITAL QUESTION BEFORE US FOOD SUPPLIES OF OUR PEOPLE

### The New Situation That Has Come Suddenly About

#### FAIRPLAY ALL ROUND

By an Economic Correspondent

A big question of Supply is arising within the British Empire. It is one demanding serious consideration.

First is the continuing need of the masses of our home population for good and cheap food. Their wages have largely to be exchanged for bread, meat, dairy produce, fruit, vegetables, sugar, and such food comforts as tea, coffee, and cocoa.

Second comes the urgent case of the British farmer. He finds it hard to compete with the cheap food raised in the British Dominions. Also it is a national interest that British agriculture should be cherished, developed, stimulated, and that a larger proportion of our people should work healthily on the land.

#### The Clash of Interests

Third is the question of the great interest of the overseas Dominions: Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India. These and other splendid territories produce enormous quantities of cheap and good food, much of which they must export; and, just as they need the British market, so the British people need their abundant supplies.

So we get divergent interests. The British farmer looks askance at New Zealand's cheap lamb and Australia's cheap butter, produced at prices with which he cannot compete. The British artisan may justly complain if he is shut off from Imperial supplies.

In these circumstances what are we to do? The trouble was always predicted by those who opposed the change in our fiscal system, and now it has come.

#### Planning Our Food Supply

There is talk of strictly limiting Dominion supplies by quotas, of a tariff on Dominion food, and so on. Such expedients are only too likely to cause friction and ill-will in the Empire.

We therefore return to the suggestion that the food supply of our country should be planned. A system of Imperial Purchase and Supply could be devised to reconcile conflicting interests and to help the British farmer while giving the British consumer the cheapest possible supplies consistent with cherishing British agriculture.

As a practical measure, central purchase and supply was practised in the war with wool and wheat and other things with wonderful success. The system is as follows:

*A British Supply Board is set up to obtain supplies at home and abroad.*

*This Board buys from the British farmer at fair prices all that he can produce.*

*It also buys from the Dominions supplementary supplies at prices lower than those paid to the British farmer.*

#### British and Dominion Wheat

Thus, to take wheat as an example, the Supply Board would obtain a stock of wheat compounded of relatively dear British wheat and relatively cheap Dominion wheat. It would sell to the miller at an average price, and this average would give the consumer the lowest possible price consistent with fair-play for the British wheat producer.

The British loaf would thus be made of partly dear and partly cheap wheat, and we should eat it knowing that the best had been done for all producers.

There is nothing in the scheme to prevent its extension to foreign supplies.

That such things can be done we proved in the most difficult circumstances possible while we were at war; and, moreover, in actual practice such big dealing is very cheaply done.

## THE PROUD LORD OF GUERNSEY

VISITORS to Guernsey this summer will no longer have the opportunity of seeing one of the most amazing characters that island has known.

The Duc de Pleneuf has died, and no longer does his cabriolet with its liveried chauffeur and footman trundle into St Peter Port, as it sometimes did when its owner wished to go shopping.

The real name of the Duc de Pleneuf was Sherard John Otway Pole-Sherard-Cuffe, and he claimed Charlemagne among his ancestors.

For some years he lived in England, performing the humble duties of a railway clerk at Paddington.

He came, however, into the possession of great wealth and this he spent lavishly

on his Guernsey home, filling it with tapestries and other treasures and pacing through its corridors decked in resplendent uniforms. What right he had to these uniforms is doubtful, but he candidly stated that his favourite one was the white-and-gold uniform of a Knight Commander of the Holy Sepulchre, a title he had purchased, he said, by contributing £500 toward the preservation of the Holy Tomb.

His will, which has just been published, is in keeping with his life, for he has bequeathed Pleneuf Court for the use of the Bailiffs of Guernsey, so that he will be succeeded in his home by the chief magistrate of the island, an officer directly appointed by the King.

## LAUNCHING THE LIFEBOAT



A picture from Australia of a motor-lifeboat being launched to search for a missing fishing-keetch. She runs down the slipway and enters the water at a speed of 30 miles an hour.

## WEST GOES EAST

When Dame Madge Kendal went to a party at Bethnal Green she was delighted with a little surprise prepared for her.

The children of St Jude's School, dressed as Red Indians, acted Hiawatha with such spirit that they surprised the large audience of grown-ups who had been expecting sing-song monotony.

All the girls were under ten, and one showed such promise that she was congratulated by the famous actress.

Because one half of London does not know how the other half lives a well-known social worker, who lives in a beautiful 17th-century house in Bethnal Green, has been giving a series of At Homes, and many of her West End friends have been able to meet her East End friends and exchange ideas.

## TO CANDIDUS

It is always pleasant to find one's own sentiments echoed by clever people, and we have been heartened by this note written by Candidus in the Daily Sketch:

I think it is a pity that so much of the news in newspapers is of an unpleasant kind, and when I am a millionaire and can run a paper on my own lines I am going to have a column headed Yesterday's Good Deeds, in which will be collected all the happenings that give one a better idea of human nature and show how remarkably nice and good most human beings really are.

Well, we hope Candidus will become a millionaire very soon, but in the meantime will he please read the C.N. and find his dream come true.

## WANDERING SCHOLARS OF TODAY

### BRAINS ON THE SCRAP HEAP

### What is Being Done For the Victims of the Tyrants

### THIS VERY KIND WORLD

The Wandering Scholars of medieval days found their scholarship a key to most doors.

The Wandering Scholars of today, driven out of their country by political tyranny, are not so fortunate; and had it not been for the Academic Assistance Council their plight would have been almost hopeless. The Council's report on its first year's work makes us thankful to that someone who is ever ready to take up another's cause and see justice done.

#### The Stand For Freedom

Here is a body of academic men and women who are not only helping their fellow scholars and scientists, but making a stand for the freedom of knowledge and the integrity of science. With Lord Rutherford as President, in a London office in Burlington House lent by the Royal Society, the Academic Assistance Council was set up to help all university professors and research workers who, on grounds of religion, political opinion, or race, are unable to carry on their work in their own country.

Had such a Council been formed several years ago it would have been the greatest help to the tragic crowd of learned men, escaping or exiled from Russia and Italy, whose talents have mainly been thrown on the scrap heap of revolution; but when their numbers were last year swollen so appallingly by the scholar refugees from Germany the need of assistance became imperative.

#### University Teachers

With little more than £13,000 (of which £2500 was contributed by the Central British Fund for German Jewry—though the assistance given is by no means limited to Jews) the Council has supplied maintenance grants of £182 a year for a single person, and £250 for married folk. Most of the capital is already used up in this way, and more is urgently needed.

But monetary assistance is only a temporary measure; the aim is to find openings where these scholars may continue their work without in any way injuring the interests of their colleague hosts or alienating their sympathy. Of the 1200 university teachers turned out of Germany only 389 are known to have found even temporary places, and of these 178 are at work in this country. London University has 67 as research guests; Cambridge has welcomed 31 and has given £1000; Oxford has 17, while Manchester has 16, and has raised a local fund to support them. The staff members of the London School of Economics have voluntarily put aside a percentage of their salaries for three years, and British university teachers generally have given generously.

#### Academic Labour Exchange

The Council gives grants, is a clearing station for all information, and acts as a kind of world academic labour exchange. The Turkish University of Istanbul has taken 30 teachers off its books. Invitations have come from South America, India, Japan, China, Persia, the British Dominions, and even a changing Russia, all keen to enrich themselves with this exiled talent. If only enough money can be found to keep the exiles alive and their scholarship undulled there is a chance that with returning prosperity they may all be absorbed.

As Professor Trevelyan says:

*Here is the only answer to foreign tyranny that we can profitably make. Political passions are for ever destroying the best results of civilisation; let us pick up as many basketfuls of the fragments as we can gather.*



## TIME TO WASTE TIME

### THROWING AWAY THE NATION'S TREASURE

#### The Speaker's Rebuke To the House of Commons

#### A REFORM OVERDUE

From a Political Correspondent

The day will come, no doubt, when Parliament will have time to give children pure milk and all of us clean food, and time to save children from inflammable toys; and it is good to see that much attention is being paid by serious thinkers to the rebuke of the Speaker to those who waste the time of Parliament, which Mr Gladstone used to call the treasure of the nation.

Parliament has no time, it seems, to do much that needs doing, yet it has plenty of time to waste.

It is high time for its procedure to be reformed drastically.

We see such a useful and just measure as the Inheritance Bill dropped after much discussion because the Government would not give a little more time to it.

This Bill sought to make it illegal for a man to make a will entirely disinheriting his family. In other countries such bitter injustice is not permitted.

#### Swamped By Talk

Then there is the Electricity Supply Bill. It passed the House and went to the Grand Committee. Having passed through Grand Committee it came to the House on the stage called Report.

Here there was so much talk that the Government refused to go on with the Bill. Perhaps it will crop up again next year, and perhaps next year it will be again swamped by talk, mutilated by obstruction, and finally killed by indifference.

It was on this Electricity Bill that the Speaker had something serious to say.

Six pages of amendments were put down on the Order Paper, although it had all been threshed out in detail by the Grand Committee, which represents the House as a whole.

This was too much for Mr Speaker, and he addressed the House as follows:

I must call the attention of the House to the fact that the Committee stage of the Bill is the stage when amendments can be made to the Bill and the Report is a stage when what I may call a clearing-up process takes place and when things left over from the Committee stage and new clauses can be dealt with.

I find, however, that on this Bill, which has been through Committee, there are six pages of amendments. I ask myself what on earth took place in Committee.

I am bound to warn the House that if this kind of thing becomes a common practice it will be an abuse of the procedure of the House and will bring that procedure into disrepute.

#### What Our Day Demands

To this we may all respectfully say "Hear! Hear!" Parliament should curtail its endless discussions and work with a quickness demanded by the facts of our day and generation.

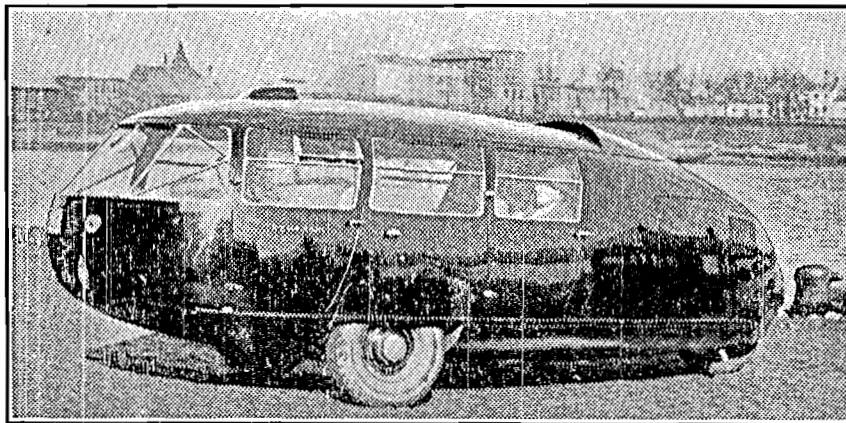
A Bill should have no first reading as now, but should be presented with a printed statement explaining its origin, purpose, and backing. A trusted Committee should then decide if it is worth the consideration of the House. That decided, it should, if thought worth attention, be voted upon by the House and, if passed, sent to a Committee for overhaul in detail. It should then come back to the House to be voted upon as amended.

#### GOOD MR PENTY

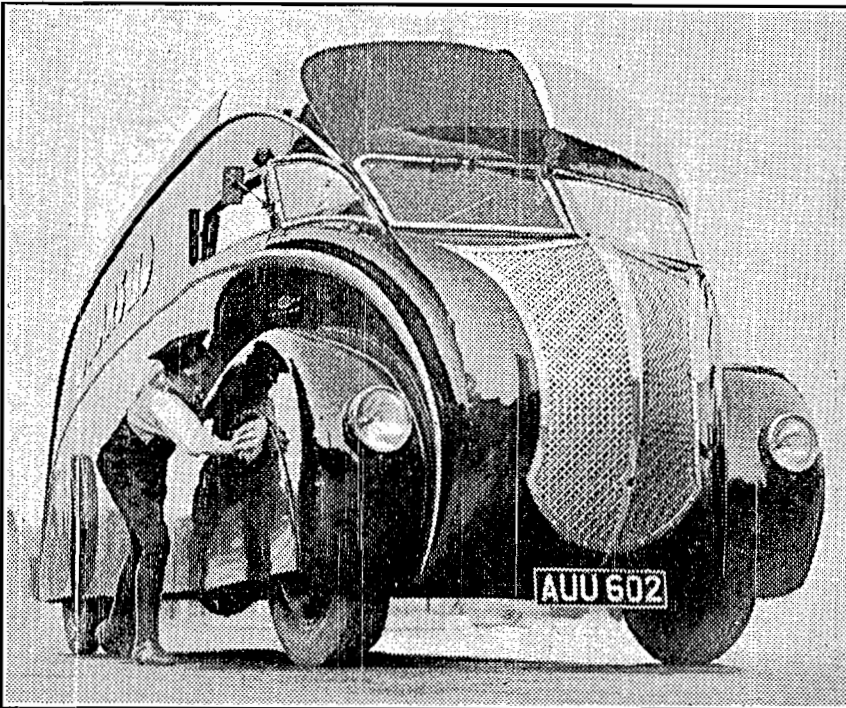
Mr Francis Penty of York has just retired from his position as voluntary Chief Steward of York Minster.

For 50 years he has given his services to the Minster, and has known seven archbishops and five deans.

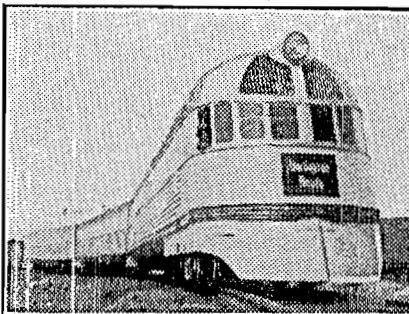
## STREAMLINING ON ROAD AND RAIL



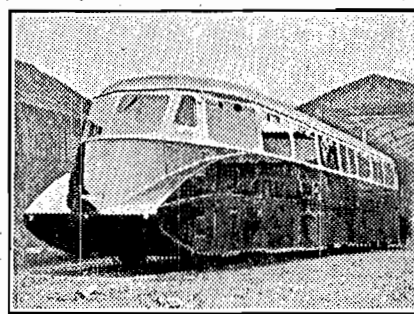
An American car with a rear engine driving the front wheels. It is steered by the back wheel



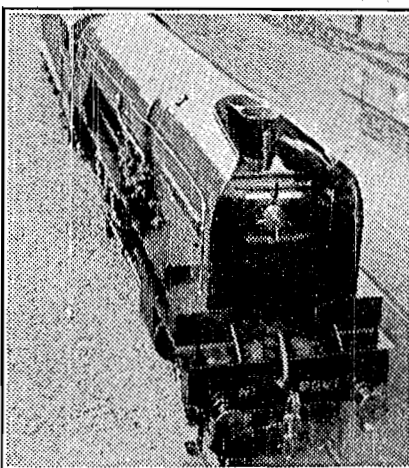
A London firm's delivery van



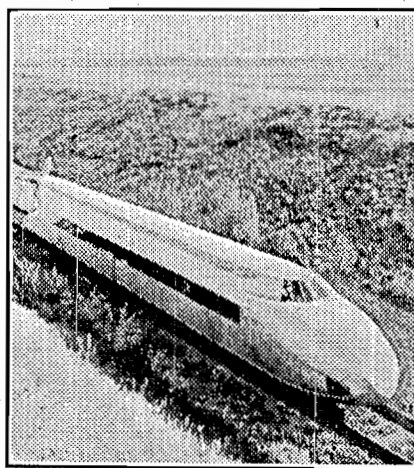
An American motor-train



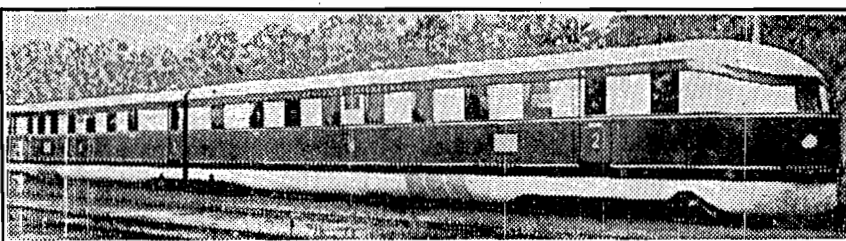
A G.W.R. rail-car



The new L.N.E.R. engine



A German rail-car driven by a propeller



A Diesel-electric train on the German State Railways

Makers of road and rail vehicles are now following the lead of aircraft designers, who have long been aware of the advantages of streamlining. A great economy of power is obtained with cars and trains which offer a minimum of resistance to the air, as in the examples shown above.

## THE LITTLEST ONE

### What the Nursery School Does

#### RED FLANNEL AND WHOOPIING COUGH

A friend of the C.N. has been making inquiries about the Nursery School movement, and was astonished at the progress it has made in spite of years of setbacks.

There are now nearly 60 nursery schools in our little island, and of these more than 30 are State schools and 26 are run by voluntary effort.

Although this is a fine beginning, and 3000 children under five are now receiving immense benefits, there is still a large number of little ones for whom there is no room. All these, when they start school at five, are found to have physical defects which could have been prevented or cured. In the poor areas of the cities more than 80 per cent of our two-year-olds have rickets.

Space, fresh air, sunshine, sleep, good food, and treatment for ailments have already worked wonders among the happy three thousand. The older children are of striking beauty, and inspectors of the clinics have remarked on their intelligence and charm.

#### Play and Education

"Never do for a child what he can do for himself" is an unwritten law of the nursery school. The secret of the happiness of the children is that they are always busy. Although the work seems all play it is in reality all education. Everything is planned for the development of the child. There is no need for don'ts and scoldings. Even the littlest one loves to help with setting the tables for dinner, clearing away, and tidying up after playing with his toys.

At the head of every nursery school is a trained teacher who gives helpful advice to the mothers when they call for their children at the end of the day. This is needed, for the ignorance of many of the parents is surprising. It is still believed in many places that the best cure for whooping cough is tar-string or a piece of camphor sewn up in flannel and worn round the neck (but the flannel must be red!).

More nursery schools are urgently needed. Older C.N. readers can help forward the scheme by becoming members of the Nursery School Association, and readers of all ages can help by buying postcards at 2d or taking penny collecting sheets from 29 Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

### ROOSEVELT'S THREE GREAT AIMS

#### Many Schemes But Clear Ideas

We live in an age when men of leading not infrequently write down, for their contemporaries and posterity, a record of their aims and motives.

President Roosevelt has now done so in a book entitled *On Our Way*.

He recalls the dark days of his accession to power, when his inauguration was marked by the closing of every American bank. Quite justly he calls it an "almost complete collapse of the American economic system."

The many things the President has done express three great aims:

1. The elimination of special privilege in the control of the existing economic and social structure by a small but powerful group of persons who had seized such authority that they dominated business and banking and Government itself.
2. The waging of war on crime and corruption.
3. The wider distribution of the wealth and property of America, reversing the tendency toward the concentration of wealth in fewer hands.

The President is entitled to claim that his plans fit in with these aims.



June 9, 1934

The Children's Newspaper

9

## WHY NOT BUILD?

### Idea For Our Building Societies

#### 869,000 HOME-MAKERS

In British home-making the Building Societies play a great part.

They lend money on the security of buildings, and accept repayment in monthly instalments. This enables people of small means to buy their homes.

In the 12 months ended last January the societies made another great advance. As many as 1,692,000 people were investors in them, and 869,000 persons had borrowed to buy houses. Thus one householder in every twelve or so was buying a house with building society assistance. The total assets of the societies amount to £469,000,000.

The name Building Society is a little misleading, for the societies do not build at all; indeed, they have no legal power to build, save offices for themselves. What they chiefly do is to lend money, holding mortgages to secure themselves.

It would surely be a happy thing if they banded themselves together, employed the finest architects, organised a great building corporation, bought fine materials, and erected really good small houses for their investors to buy. There would be a rush for them. Let them ask Parliament for the necessary powers, which could hardly be denied.

### THE RABBIT IN THE SNARE

#### One More Attempt To Stop Cruel Traps

*I hear a sudden cry of pain!  
There is a rabbit in a snare:  
Now I hear the cry again,  
But I cannot tell from where.*

*And I cannot find the place  
Where his paw is in the snare:  
Little one! Oh, little one!  
I am searching everywhere!*

So writes James Stephens, and the poet's sympathy for one suffering animal finds its practical counterpart in the Steel Traps Act, which is designed to prevent all needless pain to rabbits and birds.

The Act has been drawn up by an Anti-Steel Trap Committee formed by the members of the University of London Animal Welfare Society. It would prohibit the manufacture, sale, or use of traps which catch animals by a leg or a paw and hold them alive and in pain. At present the law provides that such traps must be visited at least once between sunrise and sunset, but that allows for many hours of suffering.

We sincerely hope the strong support of public opinion will help to make the Steel Traps Act part of the law.

### LITTLE BROWN OWL

A young C.N. friend in Hertfordshire was greatly interested in our account of the census of White Barn Owls because there is a white owl on the farm where she lives at Ashwell.

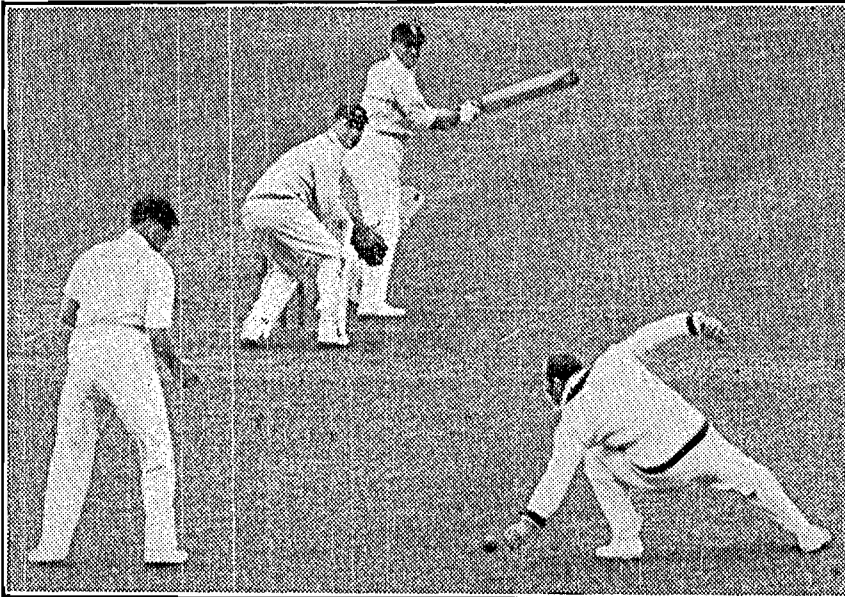
Often, she tells us, her mother creeps down the lane at night, for she likes to hear the owl comfortably snoring in the barn. But it is of the brown owls that she tells us a most charming story. We give it in her own words:

"Mummy loves them very much and talks to them as they sit on our garden post, and when she had to go to Cambridge Hospital she said she would miss her dear little owl's hoot. The night before her operation she lay feeling very unhappy and miserable when, to her joy, right on her window-sill landed a little brown owl and said Hoot! Hoot! several times, so cheering her up that she soon fell asleep and didn't worry any more, for she felt her friend had come to tell her to cheer up."

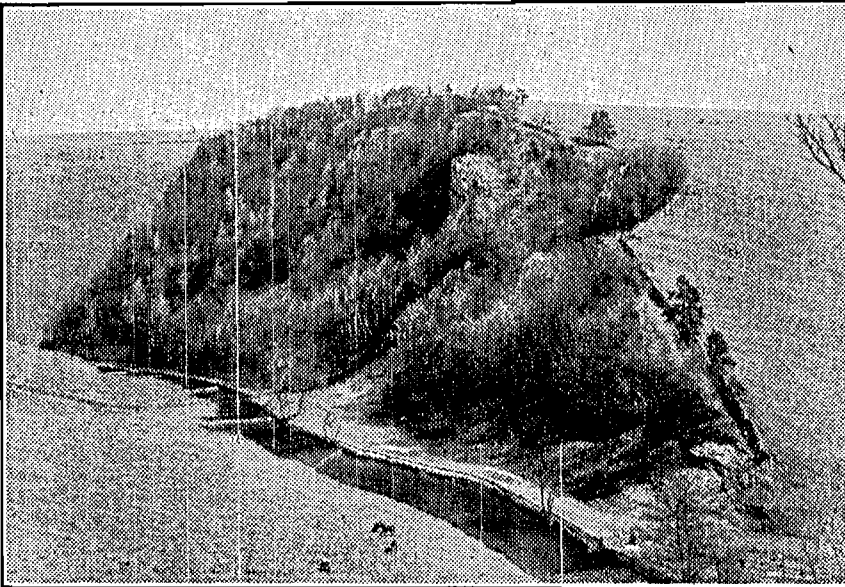
## NEWS PICTURES OF THE WEEK



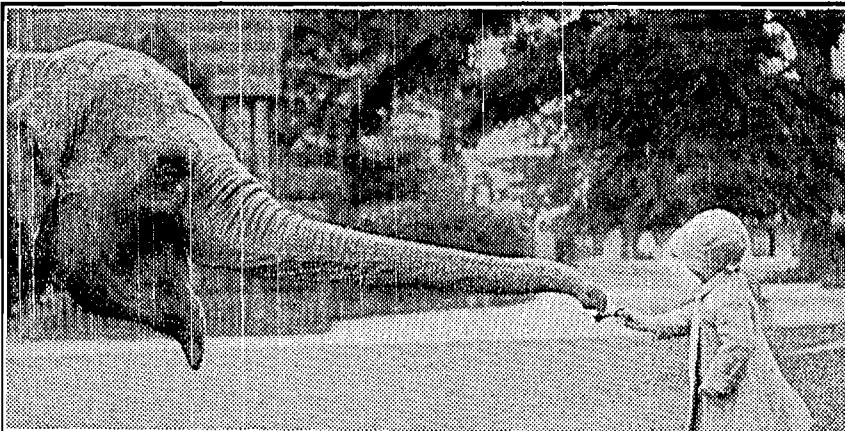
London Cruises—The pleasure steamer Crested Eagle passes under Tower Bridge for a trip down the river. On the left is the Royal Eagle, a vessel of the same line.



Missed in the Slips—A narrow escape for the batsman during a county game on the Trent Bridge ground at Nottingham, where the first Test Match begins this Friday.



Dovedale—Fishponds Plantation by the River Dove is one of the three woods in the 50 acres of Dovedale which Mr Robert McDougall has lately given to the National Trust.



A Morsel For a Monster—Judy, an elephant at the Bristol Zoo, is here seen stretching out her trunk to take a tit-bit offered to her by a little visitor.

## WHAT 100 PEOPLE HAVE DONE

### BUILDING UP THEIR OWN AQUARIUM

#### The Biggest Yet in the North of England

#### NEW USE FOR OLD BEDSTEADS

Six years ago a hundred amateur and professional naturalists on Merseyside (professors, aldermen, unemployed, married women, dockers, clerks, doctors, teachers, and schoolboys) banded themselves together under the name of the Merseyside Aquarium Society to provide Merseyside with the finest public aquarium in the country.

They had no money, but plenty of ambition, and through the enthusiasm of their ingenious founder, Mr Fred Jefferies, they have now accomplished the first part of their plan, for at the Cliff House, New Brighton, Cheshire, they have completed the largest aquarium in the North of England.

#### How It Was Done

The aquarium has cost little in cash, but a fortune's worth of hard work freely given. Members have not been above pushing their materials through the streets on handcarts, or wandering to all parts of the world collecting fish, plants, and insects. The cost of a big public aquarium is not less than £20,000, but the Merseyside Aquarium Society had raised only £20 when it started operations, and even now it has not spent anything like £1000.

This is how it was done. Mr Jefferies purchased the sidebars of iron bedsteads at two shillings for thirty feet. He cut them up into lengths, riveted them together, enamelled them black, and there for a few pence he had the iron stands for the aquarium's 60 tanks that would otherwise have cost many pounds. An old bicycle wheel, the gears from a grindstone, and the bellows from a vacuum-cleaner went to make the first aeration plant to keep tank-water fresh. The members installed their own electric light and heating.

#### Walking-Fish

Now they have over fifty species of fish, including in the tropical section walking-fish from West Africa, which live on dry land, skipping about the rocks and breathing through their moist tails. There are snakes, water-plants from all over the world, alligators, fighting-fish, angel-fish, fish six feet long, and fish less than half an inch. When they were short of ponds for water-lilies in their tropical section the members bought some old baths and sunk them. Recently the New York Aquarium made a number of donations.

Many children from all over the country have had Nature-study lessons in the aquarium; but the ambitions of its builders have not ended, for they consider their aquarium only the nucleus of a much bigger one, one that will eclipse the famous aquariums in Brighton and New York.

### THE PRINCE AND MR JONES

The Prince of Wales has met a man after his own heart at Llangollen.

The man was lying on a stretcher, trying to see the Prince with the aid of a mirror, and in spite of the crowd the Prince noticed him. He went up to the crippled sightseer and asked how he came to be on a stretcher.

The man, whose name is C. E. Jones, said he was a radio operator on a ship that was torpedoed in the war. His spine was injured, and he has never been able to move since.

"Tough luck, old man," said the Prince.

"It might have been worse, sir," replied Mr Jones.



## TO THE CHIEF SCOUT AND CHIEF GUIDE

### 32 Counties Join In GREETING FROM ALL POINTS OF THE COMPASS

By a Girl Guide

The Chief Scout must have been thrilled by the special greetings he shared with his wife, the Chief Guide, on May 17, when Guides all over England joined in sending messages of goodwill to Lord and Lady Baden-Powell.

The signalling was of a novel kind. The Morse Code can hardly have been used so widely before. The messages were greetings on the 23rd birthday of the Girl Guide Movement, and they came from 32 counties—North, South, East, and West—their route being mapped out clearly beforehand.

The message travelled slowly but surely, on an average about 15 miles a day. A Guide company in a district was asked to Be Prepared for its arrival, and on its receipt they passed it on to the next receiver.

Sound team work was necessary, but the venture caused much enjoyment.

#### Over Hill and Down Dale

The greeting left the Scilly Isles on April 19. It reached Bodmin in Cornwall on April 23. From church tower to housetop, over river and valley, it travelled until it was picked up at Plymouth. Here it was guarded overnight by a Sea Ranger. She in turn passed it on.

Similar messages were being conveyed from other points of the compass. When flag-waving was not possible a flashlight would be used. Yorkshire's greeting came over the Humber by flashlight.

On May 17, when the Chief Scout, after his serious illness, was well enough to attend a dinner in London in commemoration of the Relief of Mafeking, Lady Baden-Powell awaited the arrival of the messages on the roof of the Girl Guide Headquarters in Buckingham Palace Road.

#### The Last Lap

The King had given permission for the final signalling to be sent from the gardens of Buckingham Palace. Against the setting of a flowering chestnut tree, as it was getting dusk, the white flags waved their greetings, and they were received and deciphered by Guides on the roof of H.Q.

There was no hitch, for all four came through correctly. "Twelve Counties calling cheers for Chiefs and Guiding" read the message from the North, and the others were in similar vein. Those who took part in this Guiding adventure will never forget it; and we are sure the Chief Scout and the Chief Guide have never had a happier moment than when they received this assurance of love and goodwill from so many of their friends in the country of their birth.

## A PICTURE STAMP

### Latest Roosevelt Idea

Not stamp collectors alone plead for better British postage-stamps.

The stamps of a nation should be worthy of its culture and industry. Let us take a leaf from the book of America and Italy in this matter; both countries produce stamps of high artistic quality, while ours are pitiable.

The latest example is the United States Whistler stamp. Whistler was an Anglo-American, born in Massachusetts, and a genius. His fine and austere portrait of his mother is one of the most famous of the world's pictures. The American Post Office has made a stamp of it, and it is a great success. It was President Roosevelt who suggested it.

The first day's sale of the Whistler stamp was 1,300,000 copies in Washington alone, and we mention this because if our G.P.O. is not moved by Beauty it may listen to the voice of Commerce.

## THE MAN WHO DID NOT CALL WOOF

### Help Where It Was Not Wanted

Everybody knows the story of the boy who cried Wolf.

Woof, an Alsatian wolfhound, is the hero of a story from Australia which seems to reverse all the facts of the old tale. The Alsatian spends much of his time on the sands at Tuggerah Lakes in New South Wales, and he has earned a reputation as a saver of life from drowning, having already saved two children and a woman. The story is told that Woof saw a bather about 70 yards from the shore waving his arms vigorously. Like a good life-saver Woof plunged into the water and, quickly reaching the swimmer's side, dragged him shoreward and then hauled him up the beach clear of the water, where he was deposited, gasping, at the feet of his astonished wife.

It was a praiseworthy effort on the part of Master Woof, although a wasted one. For the arm-waving which he mistook for a distress signal was nothing more than a friendly wave to the bather's wife on the shore.

## FROM THE DESERT TO A SOMERSET GARDEN

### Souvenirs of Queer Holidays

In a Somerset garden near Frome are many strange plants, most of them not to be seen anywhere else in England.

They come from the Sahara Desert and are souvenirs of holidays spent by the owner of the garden, an elderly widow who looks frail enough to prefer spas to desert camps.

But Mrs Brodie is never happier than when exploring the Sahara. She has lately returned from a 5000-mile trek, during which her little party was for three months completely isolated from civilisation.

She travelled with two French guides, two Arabs, and her English maid in a couple of specially-equipped motor-cars. The nights were spent in tents, with a man always on guard against the fierce Tuareg tribes of that region.

What a curious experience it must be for a maid who applies for a position with Mrs Brodie and is asked if she has any objection to desert travel!

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to C.N. Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, *one question on each card, with name and address.*

#### Who Was Etzel?

In German legend Attila, king of the Huns.

Where are Bank of England Notes Made?

In the Hampshire village of Laverstoke.

#### What is Reciprocity?

In political economy the admission of goods on equal terms between nations.

#### What is a Standard of Timber?

Known as the Petrograd standard, it consists of 165 cubic feet.

#### Why is It Proposed to Change the Calendar?

Partly because by existing usage a new table is needed every year. One proposal is to make each month begin on a Sunday and to allot 35 days to March, June, September, and December, and 28 to each of the other months, thus giving each quarter 91 days, the days in excess of 52 weeks being treated as general holidays apart from the weeks and months.

#### Is There Any Difference Between Capital Ships and Battleships?

The Nelson and the Rodney, each of 34,000 tons, are battleships, and the Hood, of 41,260 tons, is a battle cruiser, but all three are listed as first-class capital ships. By the use of the words "capital ships" in the place of "battleships" the Nelson and Rodney were erroneously described in a recent issue as the largest capital ships in the Navy.

## LORD MOTTISTONE'S OLD FRIEND

### Warrior of the Great War

An old horse had the time of his life the other day when he was a guest of honour at the camp of the Isle of Wight Boy Scouts near Newport.

Lord Mottistone rode him over and introduced him. He is Warrior, aged 23, the famous horse which carried his master all through the war. Once on a wild night ride he carried him 58 miles to a threatened part of the line, and then collapsed, utterly exhausted.

But after lying on the ground for a while he got up and carried his master the rest of the day.

Once Lord Mottistone and another officer left their horses in charge of a soldier while they entered the front line. When they returned Warrior was waiting, quietly and alone. The other horse was killed, and the soldier unconscious. Warrior might have bolted from the noise and horror to safety on the other side of a ridge, but he remained at his post, waiting for his master.

No wonder Lord Mottistone said to the boys: "I have brought my dear old horse to see you, as I regard him as the embodiment of the three chief virtues we expect in Scouts: Courage, Endurance, and Friendship."

## FROM THE SCRAP HEAP

### How a Kent Cottage is Lit

The lighting of houses by electricity is rapidly spreading in the country districts and is available even in the tiny village of Shadoxhurst in Kent.

But one man there, Mr H. C. Stuart, an unemployed motor-engineer, finding the cost of light from the mains, which is tenpence a unit, beyond his means, decided to make his own lighting plant.

As no money could be spared for new materials he scoured the village waste-heap and a garage scrap-heap, and with incredible patience and skill set to work on a windmill to supply the power for his generator. He used sheet metal cut from old oil drums, strip iron from packing-cases and perambulators, odd lengths from discarded bedsteads, and shafting from an old car. Revolving on a wooden tripod the windmill now drives the generator, which was also built up bit by bit from scrap, and which supplies a 14-volt alternating current.

As an example of the patience and skill by which Mr Stuart accomplished his task a large toothed wheel for the alternator was made from an old disc wheel, every one of the dozens of teeth being drilled and filed true by hand.

The cost of the whole machine was no more than a few pence for the wood-work of the tripod, the entire lighting plant being made from oddments other people had thrown away as useless.

## THE WONDERS OF INDUSTRY NOWADAYS

### Renewing a Viaduct While Traffic Passes

Two years ago a gang of workmen started to repair the great viaduct which carries the L.M.S. over the River Ouse at Sharnbrook near Bedford.

Since 1881 the viaduct has given good service, but the wear-and-tear of express traffic began to tell its tale and it was necessary to strengthen the iron structure and provide it with a new steel floor. While traffic has been passing 140 tons of new steelwork have been built into the viaduct, involving 22,000 feet of electric welding. Work on the viaduct, which consists of ten spans with a total length of 572 feet, is now completed. There is a second viaduct of nine spans, used only for goods traffic, and this is to receive similar treatment owing to the success of the methods employed.

## OUT OF THE FIRE UNSCATHED

### Wonderful Escapes in Tasmania

### NEW LIFE AFTER A GREAT DISASTER

As the time for picnicking comes round our English commonlands display fresh notices warning us how easily fires may be started. Too often of late years we have read of hundreds of pounds worth of damage done by such heath fires.

It is seldom, however, that there is any danger to life from outdoor fires in England. A C.N. correspondent down South has described to us a bush fire in Tasmania from which many people had marvellous escapes.

This terrific blaze drove animals, snakes, and birds before it, stifling many of the birds with its smoke. It burned timber worth £6000 in less than two hours. A family with 13 children lost their home and all they possessed and were thankful to have saved their lives. Another family crouched under a tarpaulin, and while the intense heat of the fire surrounded them they were unhurt.

Most wonderful of all was the self-possession of a woman who lay with her baby inside a hollow tree-trunk while the fire passed over them.

Fortunately Nature gives some compensation for what she takes away. After the fire came the rain, and after the rain new life, vigorous and green.

## THE TALE OF TWO BARRELS

### Norway Sends a Little Help To India

It is only a drop in the bucket, but it shows the world what things are possible when the will is right and when men (or in this case women) trust one another.

Miss Norah Hill, in her travels through the length and breadth of India as Secretary of the Red Cross, discovered a beautiful mountain valley in the Himalayas where a too-limited diet had brought on a sort of rickets among a large number of the inhabitants. The disease could be cured by cod liver oil, but as cod liver oil had to come from Norway its cost was too great for the poor people of this valley. It seemed as if they would have to go on suffering.

But Norah Hill does not take difficulties lying down. The mere scent of a difficulty a long way off makes her blue eyes sparkle with thoughts of overcoming it. In this case she made the valley's need known to the Norwegian Red Cross. Was there some kind-hearted cod liver oil magnate who would take pity on distant Indians?

The Norwegian Red Cross put her appeal in its magazine, and was promptly deluged with cod liver oil! So many donations came in that two barrels of oil were collected and sent as a gift to Asia. They have been given to the hospital in the valley, where they will suffice for the coming year.

## OUR NEW WOODLANDS

### 16,000 Acres Planted Last Year

In spite of last year's drought the Forestry Commissioners were able to plant 52 million more trees in our island last year, adding 16,000 acres of woodland to her natural beauty.

The Commissioners are appointed under the Forestry Act of 1919 and have just issued their 14th annual report. They are responsible for the development of afforestation and for the production of timber, and already they have planted nearly 233,000 acres, most of the trees being pines and firs.

In addition to their own woodlands they make grants to private owners and municipalities, and last year 4500 acres were planted by the aid of their grants.



June 9, 1934

The Children's Newspaper

II

## THE RING NEBULA

WHIRLING DISC OF  
GLOWING GAS

Is it a Solar System in  
the Making?

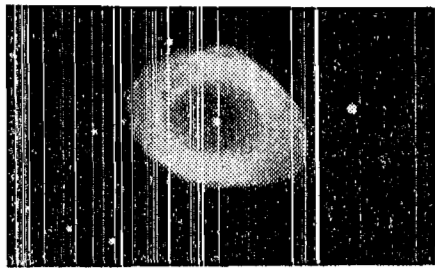
### A WONDER OF LYRA

By the C.N. Astronomer

What may be the beginning of a solar system exists in the remarkable nebula that appears between the stars Beta and Gamma in Lyra, the Lyre.

This constellation was described in the C.N. for May 19, and the position of the nebula was indicated on the star-map as M.57, this being its number in the famous catalogue of nebulae and star-clusters compiled by the astronomer Messier in 1784.

It is also popularly known as the Ring Nebula in Lyra, from its resemblance to a ring when observed telescopically, as shown in the picture below, for the nebula is quite invisible to the naked eye. The ring of light may, however, be perceived through a small



The Ring Nebula in Lyra

astronomical telescope of, say, three inches aperture; but the star in its centre requires a most powerful instrument to reveal it, though it appears so bright photographically.

Actually this so-called Ring belongs to the class known as planetary nebulae.

These usually appear as discs something like a planet seen telescopically out of focus. About 150 are known, and they are evidently lens-shaped and not spheres like planets and suns. This Ring Nebula appears as an oval though it is doubtless circular.

Now these strange radiant objects are of supreme interest and are of very varied beauty when investigated, this one, whose position may be easily found, being given as an example. It is also one of the brightest and apparently one of the nearest; but it is over 30 million times farther than our Sun, or something like 500 light-years distant at least. This is as well as can be ascertained at present.

At such a distance this Ring Nebula would possess an actual diameter of between two and three times that of our Solar System, or, say, the orbit of Neptune, and approach 8000 million miles. All these calculations, which are necessarily indefinite in the case of such an indefinite object, are very significant and, considered together with several other facts, indicate that they present just such a mass of rarefied material condensing toward the centre as might at one time, thousands of millions of years ago, have composed what is now our Solar System.

#### Hottest Type of Sun

The original photographs of this nebula show it to be actually disc-shaped and filled with radiant matter that forms interlacing streams of nebulosity, which, being brighter toward the periphery, gives the impression of a ring when observed visually.

Now, while all the elements composing this are in a gaseous state, and form cometary streams of luminosity, the whole mass is rotating round the condensed superheated centre, which appears to be a sort of primeval sun and of the hottest type known. It is so hot, in fact, that this one has been found to be too hot to be seen visually, and was only revealed photographically when much higher telescopic powers were used.

The rate of rotation near the periphery amounts to about a mile a second, very

## THE SMALLEST BIRD IN THE WORLD

NEW ZOO TREASURE

Attractive-Looking Youngster  
on the Mappin Terraces

### THE CURLY-COATED BABY

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Zoo now possesses a specimen of the smallest bird in the world.

This minute avian is a pigmy hermit humming-bird from Brazil, and it is believed to be the first of its kind to be seen in captivity in Europe. The ordinary-sized humming-birds are so frail and tiny that seven of them weigh exactly one ounce; but, compared with their pigmy relative, they seem almost sturdy, for the length of the newcomer's body is definitely under an inch, and though its long curved beak is longer than its body the bird looks too diminutive to be a live creature.

#### Flashing Like a Jewel

Its colouring, a dingy yellow, is less vivid than that of most humming-birds; but when hovering it flashes like a jewel. And though the usual noise made by hovering humming-birds resembles the hum of a small electric fan this rare Zoo treasure sounds like a bumble bee.

If allowed to mix with the other humming-birds the pigmy might easily be overlooked and would probably be frightened away from food by its stronger relatives, so special accommodation has been arranged for it. A small glass cage furnished with flowers and pots of honey has been placed inside the humming-bird's aviary and an electric lamp has been fixed overhead so that the light shines on the bird's plumage as it flits about.

A most attractive-looking youngster is to be seen in the dens at the foot of the Mappin Terraces, for the big-horn sheep have become the proud parents of a playful lamb.

#### A Nice Size To Hug

This Zoo baby is like a woolly toy; his curly coat is greyish-white, his legs are oddly stiff and ungainly, and as he is not much bigger than a large fox-terrier he would be just a nice size to hug. But the big-horn sheep are arrogant and hot-tempered animals, and they will not allow their infant to be handled; indeed, anyone who stares too hard is likely to hear a stamp of anger, and it is more than likely that these animals from the Rocky Mountains will charge the bars in an attempt to make use of the powerful horns from which they get their name.

Another Zoo mother is a Malayan black-and-yellow snake, which was one of a collection of these reptiles sent as food for the hamadryads. It laid six eggs and at first seemed disposed to coil round them, but as it afterwards deserted them the eggs have been placed in an incubator.

Continued from the previous column

slow for a celestial object of this magnitude; but it must be remembered that the motion of Neptune near the periphery of the Solar System is little more than three miles a second, while Pluto, the outermost planet, when near aphelion would not travel at much more than a mile a second.

It has also been found that the portions of these nebulae nearer to the central sun travel at greater speeds, which is precisely what the planets of the Solar System do. Moreover, it has been found that the masses or amount of material composing many of these planetary nebulae approximate to that composing the Solar System, notwithstanding that so much of it is in a gaseous condition.

Thus the question arises, are not these examples of planetary systems being evolved before our eyes, as it were? This will be further considered in next week's C.N.

G. F. M.

## THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS

Charles Dickens Gone

JUNE 9

Charles Dickens died near Rochester in Kent on June 9, 1870, and far away, on the other side of the Atlantic, Bret Harte, on hearing the sad news, wrote these tender verses telling how, when he was the youngest gold-digger in a mining camp, he had read aloud to his comrades Dickens's story of Little Nell, and he asks that his poem, like a spray of Western pine, may be laid with English laurel leaves on the novelist's grave.

ABOVE the pines the Moon was slowly drifting,  
The river sang below;  
The dim sierras, far beyond, uplifting  
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude  
humour, painted  
The ruddy tints of health  
On haggard face and form that  
drooped and fainted  
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's  
scant treasure  
A hoarded volume drew,  
And cards were dropped from hands  
of listless leisure  
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows  
gathered faster,  
And as the firelight fell,  
He read aloud the book wherein the  
Master  
Had writ of Little Nell.

Perhaps twas boyish fancy, for the  
reader  
Was youngest of them all;  
But, as he read, from clustering pine  
and cedar  
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir trees, gathering closer in the  
shadows,  
Listened in every spray,  
While the whole camp with Nell on  
English meadows  
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes, o'er-  
taken  
As by some spell divine,  
Their cares dropped from them like the  
needles shaken  
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its  
fire:  
And he who wrought that spell?  
Ah! towering pine and stately Kentish  
spire,  
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant  
story  
Blend with the breath that thrills  
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive  
glory  
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English  
oak and holly  
And laurel leaves entwine,  
Deem it not all a too presumptuous  
folly,  
This spray of Western pine!

#### GUSTAV HOLST

English music is much poorer by the passing of Gustav Holst, the great teacher and composer. His most famous work was The Planets, in which each movement was named after a planet. He wrote some fine choral works and held that choral singing in this country was better than anywhere else in the world.

His name will always remain on the roll of England's great musicians.



*"I like  
this - it's  
delicious"*

ALL CHILDREN should have delicious "Ovaltine" during the summer months. They particularly need the abundant nourishment it supplies. With more time to play they use up their energy more freely than ever. And the light summer foods which the children prefer contain insufficient nourishment to create new energy.

"Ovaltine" is brimful of the nourishment that re-creates energy and vitality. It makes even the lightest meal complete in nutritive value. "Ovaltine" is equally delicious, refreshing and nourishing whether taken as a hot or cold drink—and it does not overheat the blood.

"Ovaltine" is scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, fresh creamy milk and new-laid eggs. It contains, in the correct proportions and in the most easily digestible form, every nutritive element essential for building up strong, healthy bodies, sound nerves and alert minds.

Unlike imitations, "Ovaltine" does not contain any Household Sugar to give it bulk and reduce the cost. Furthermore, "Ovaltine" does not contain Starch. Nor does it contain Chocolate, or a large percentage of Cocoa. Considering its supreme quality "Ovaltine" is by far the most economical food beverage you can buy. Reject substitutes.

*For their Health's sake  
give them*

**'OVALTINE'**  
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE  
**Hot or Cold**

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,  
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please spare just ONE GUINEA for another, less fortunate child. It's such a small amount, yet it will send some poor, pale-faced child—weak of limb . . . perhaps crippled—to the seaside or country for a fortnight's glorious holiday . . . a fortnight of sunshine and fresh air and wholesome food that will bring health and joy into a dreary little life!

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for slum children will be provided this year at a cost of 2/- each. Their need is great. £2 pays for 20. Please send help to—  
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**Now is the time to help**  
**The Little Folks Home**  
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(SEASIDE BRANCH OF THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, LONDON, E.2)  
**restore crooked limbs and pale faces to health and happiness.**

The Home needs £3,500 a year, and contributions (pounds, shillings or pence) will be gratefully acknowledged in these columns if sent to the Secretary at the Hospital.

MANY THANKS FOR THE FOLLOWING GIFTS RECEIVED TO 23rd MAY

£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Miss Meiklejohn... 1 1 0	1st Bishop Wal-
Miss B. Newton... 1 1 0	tham Guides... 4 0
Daffodil Club Cot (per Miss M. Price)... 1 0 0	Mrs. B. W. Cus-
Laura Partridge... 15 0 0	tello... 2 0 0
Cot (per Major Disney-Rochuck)... 10 0 0	Mrs. Margrove... 2 6
Miss Dorothy Gotoberd... 10 0 0	Boots The Chem-
Miss G.E. Mathewson... 10 0 0	ist... 4 4 0
"F. M. C."... 5 0 0	Miss Nancy Dunn... 4 6
Mrs. F. J. Lyon... 2 6	Mrs. E. Widgery... 2 6
Miss A. R. Rowley... 2 2 0	Mrs. Tarbuck... 2 6
22nd Walthamstow Brownie Pack... 5 0	Miss W. Willis... 10 0
Miss Antoinette Imbert-Terry... 2 6	Miss Nora Moon & friends... 6 6
Lady Sarah Savile... 2 6	Mrs. J. W. Murray... 10 0
Mrs. Sowden... 10 0	Daffodil Club Cot (Overseas Circle Club)... 17 6
George M. Bishop... 2 2 0	A Guildrey Girl... 5 0
Miss Mary Davies... 5 0	Miss E. F. A. Vowler... 1 7
Miss Rose Niven... 5 0	Miss Marjorie Ratford... 5 0
Miss Audrey Jones... 2 6	Miss V. L. Darby... 2 6
Daffodil Club Cot (Miss Betty Hart)... 2 0 0	Miss Jean Amos... 2 0
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No clockwork. No batteries. Nothing to go wrong. Nothing to explode. 9" long. Rudder.

Hot air drive from "Meta" spirit candle-end, or even a night light! Nothing to go wrong. Runs 15 minutes without attention. Realistic "toc-toc-toc-toc" can be heard for 50 yards! Instant acceleration. Get one to-day from your toy dealer, or send to: Abbey Sports Co., Ltd., 125, Borough High Street, London, S.E.1. POSTAGE 6d. extra.

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THE BADGE of a MODERN KNIGHT . . . YOU should join THE LEAGUE OF CHIVALRY  
President: LORD LONSDALE.  
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The Membership Fee is 1/- and you get this blue and gold badge, a beautiful pledge in colours. Write Secretary, TOWN HALL, MORECAMBE.

*The Perfect Summer Breakfast*

# SHREDDED WHEAT

WITH COLD MILK

## CHILDREN'S EXPRESS

The Great Western Has Another Idea

### TRICKS ON THE TRAIN

The Children's Express has been off again on another holiday excursion.

On Whit Tuesday this special train of the G.W.R. rushed across England with a load of happy boys and girls and set them down at Weston-super-Mare.

This was a well-chosen place, for as well as digging, paddling, bathing, and many amusements on the two piers there are beautiful woods stretching down to the sea where the tang of salt air is mingled with the smell of moss and bracken.

During the journey C.N.s were distributed down the train to the delight of the children, for the one thing nearly all had forgotten was something to read.

"If it had not been for the notice of the excursion in the C.N. we should never have been here," said the father of a family. "Before reading it we had heard nothing of this Kiddies Express, and it seemed a marvellous chance for a child to go so far and so comfortably for only 3s 9d."

The three hours of the journey passed like a flash. When a kind of clown pierrot appeared he was followed down the corridor by children as excited as the followers of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. They crowded into a guard's van and watched his conjuring tricks. The guard and porters were like characters out of a story-book, so much did they enter into the fun, and the day seemed like a long chapter out of a fairy tale.

## AN ARMY GROWS

### 75,000 New Recruits in a Year

There is one sort of army we are glad to see grow, the army of life-savers.

In the last 20 years the United States has raised hers to half a million. Last year over 75,000 new members were enlisted.

Women as well as men, girls as well as boys, can join the life-saving battalions, but only if they are qualified. The uniform is a bathing-suit with a suitable emblem to denote rank. Rank, like membership, depends on proficiency.

Every recruit must know how to swim. If he does not know he must learn. Then he is given a course by a Red Cross Life-Saving Instructor on how to deal with a person struggling in the water, how to carry dead weights, how to search for missing objects under water, and what to do for the apparently drowned to restore breathing and lessen the effects of shock. On passing the tests at the end of the course the applicant receives a Red Cross Diploma and automatically becomes a member of this admirable army which is always ready to succour those in danger in the water.

## DECENCY RAISES ITS VOICE

### Is Hollywood Listening?

Twenty million Roman Catholics in the United States, tired of waiting for Hollywood to understand their tastes, have banded together in a Legion of Decency to demand wholesome pictures on the screen.

Every member signs a pledge not to patronise cinemas showing pictures offending against decency and against Christian morality.

The Archbishop of Cincinnati has asked all parish priests to inquire into the financial backing of the cinema houses in their vicinity. He expects to collect information on 13,000 theatres that will help him in his campaign to persuade the amusement industry that the vast mass of the people want clean and wholesome entertainment instead of the sordid scenes of crime and vulgarity which Hollywood too often purveys.

## BUILDING THEIR OWN SCHOOL

### WORKING IN PLAYTIME

200 African Boys Show What Enthusiasm Can Do

### AN EPIC IN CONCRETE

Great examples are far-reaching in their effects.

Inspired by the example of the monks of Buckfast Abbey 200 African boys are building themselves a new school with an assembly hall, chapel, library, large classrooms, and three residential houses. It will replace the dilapidated houses of wood and mud which have served as school buildings since 1910, when Bishop Hamlyn founded what has become a great African public school.

At the present school at Cape Coast all the classrooms are congested and every ceiling leaks. In the Sixth Form the blackboard or the teacher must stand outside the door. For playing-fields there is only a cramped compound.

So urgent was the need for larger buildings that some friends of the black boys generously presented to the school a glorious new site of 64 acres on a hilltop at Adisadel, two miles from the town. On one side is the sea, and there are fine views in every direction.

### Little Gold on the Gold Coast

But little gold was to be found at the Gold Coast—only enough money could be produced to buy a few building materials. How could a large and costly public school be attempted at such a time?

The masters and boys answered this question by setting to work to build their own school. Now all the neighbourhood is seeing how a vast store of enthusiasm can change the word Impossible into Possible. Though they know that their work will take 15 years, and that they are building not for themselves but for other boys who will succeed them, these young Africans are tackling hard, monotonous work in their playtime. Already a large builder's shed and a carpenter's shop have been built, almost entirely from broken barrels collected at Cape Coast. They are now hard at work on the first of the three residential houses.

### Smiling at Hard Work

Group by group the boys work in turn. Mixing concrete and making building blocks is hard work under an African sun; but they have made a fine start, and in six days they laid 60 cubic feet of concrete. There are many other tasks, such as carrying stone from the quarry and clearing the bush. But the harder the work the more they smile.

There may be sermons in stones, says the headmaster, but here is an epic in concrete. Unfortunately the funds for building materials are so low that work may have to cease. C.N. readers who take their well-built schools and spacious playing-grounds as a matter of course are asked to help these young Africans to make their dreams come true by sending donations to the Headmaster, St Nicholas Grammar School, Cape Coast, Gold Coast, West Africa.

## CLEANING A GREAT TUNNEL

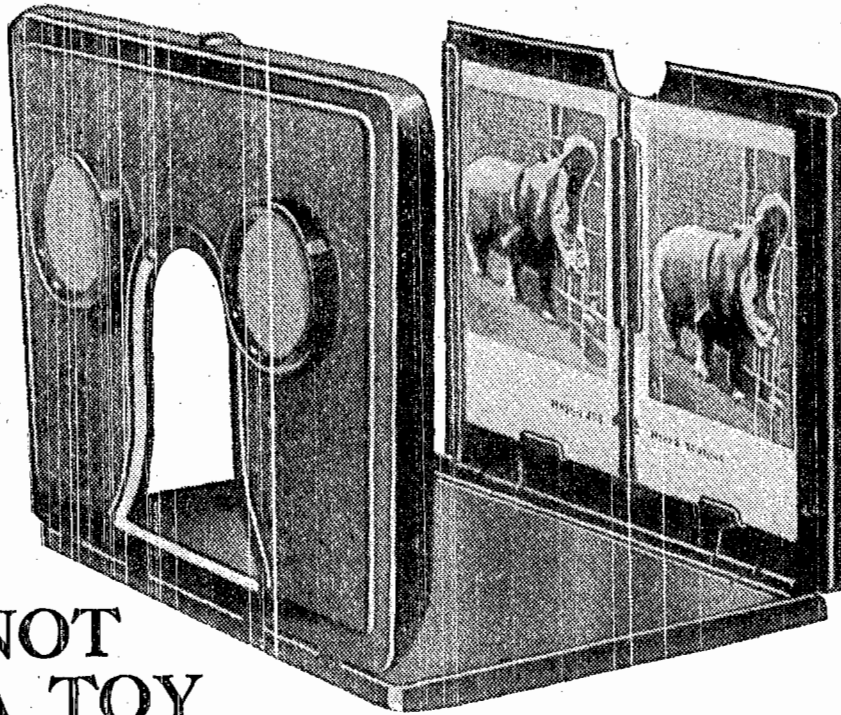
### A New Kind of Machine

The walls of the Mersey Tunnel equal nearly twenty acres in area, and the engineers think the walls will have to be cleaned once a month.

This need has led to the creation of a new kind of cleaning machine. Two spindles revolving quickly in opposite directions have mounted on them strips of material which fly outward by centrifugal force, and as they wipe the walls of the tunnel with tremendous speed water containing a cleansing medium is pumped on to the revolving strips. The cleaning machine is mounted on a carriage which travels at the rate of about six feet a minute.



# The C.N. Repeats a Wonderful Offer



**NOT  
A TOY**

*A Real Scientific Instrument  
well worth five shillings*

It makes pictures seem to live, to jump out of a background into solid reality. It is made in metal, is beautifully finished in black, folds into a convenient size, and, most important, has two wonderful lenses.

**A** STEREOSCOPE is described in the dictionary as an instrument combining two views of an object taken at slightly different angles into a single image with effect of solidity. It is really amazing. Held up to the light and correctly focussed it is startling in its effect. What first appears to be an ordinary picture becomes something living and vital.

You see the lion and lioness safely in their cage at the Zoo; that yawning hippo who looks at you with widely distended jaws that show all those huge tusks of his; those funny penguins marching along with their big white waistcoats. There are pelicans at play, a creepy crocodile, and, last but not least, we have the quaint Sambar deer with her baby. All the subjects of the six pictures presented with the stereoscope are animals at the Zoo—and wonderful pictures they are too.

We have received so many requests from readers who failed to take advantage of our great offer when it was first announced that the Editor of the Children's Newspaper has decided to offer this wonderful scientific instrument once again on the same generous terms as before, but the number available is limited and only regular readers can be permitted to take part in this exceptional bargain offer. Readers who wish to secure one of these marvellous stereoscopes while the supply still lasts should send in their application without delay.

Fill in the form above, and send it to us, together with a Postal Order for 1s. Your stereoscope will be forwarded by return of post. There is no waiting, nothing to pay except 1s.

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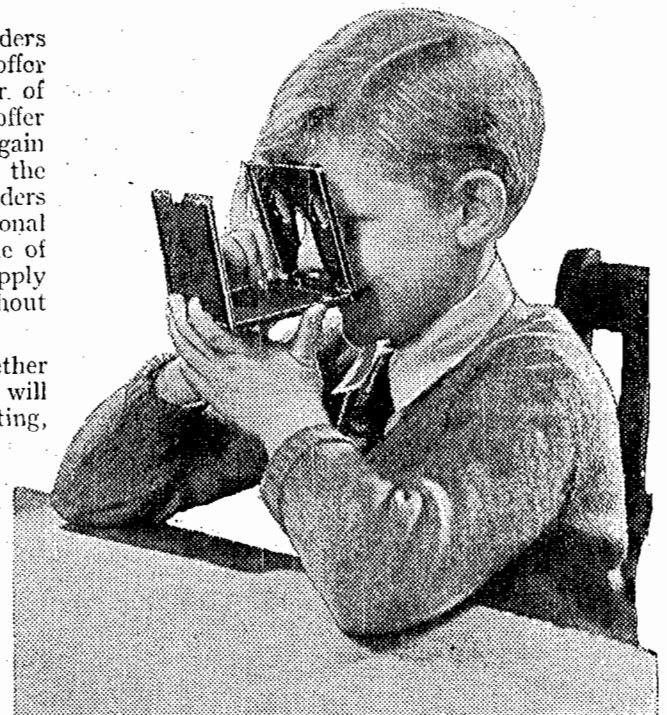
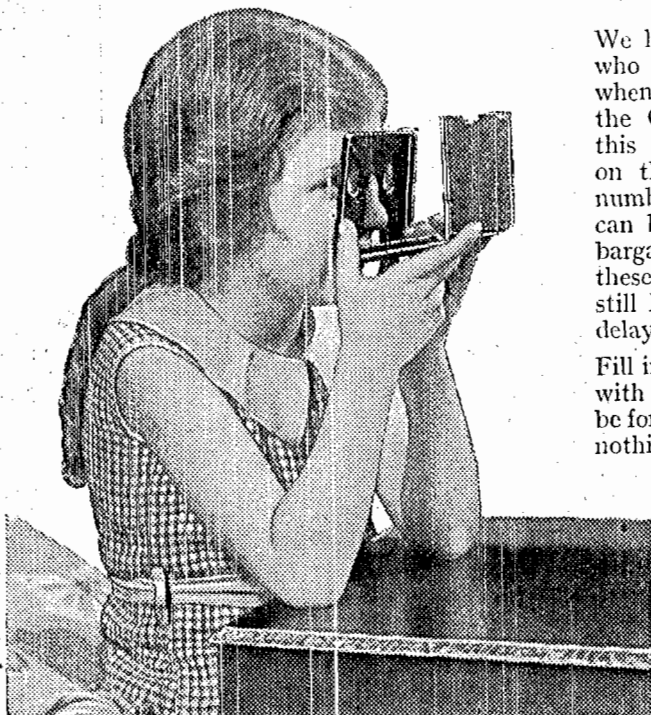
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ADDRESS.....

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Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4**

*Overseas Readers are not eligible. Irish Free State Readers must pay any import duties imposed.*





# THE MASTER OF THE MOOR

A Serial Story

By T. C. Bridges

## CHAPTER 37

### Archie Decides

NEIL's coat hung on a peg which Archie had driven into the wall of the cave. In spite of the dim light Renny knew exactly where to go, but what Neil most wondered at was the wonderful silence in which the man moved.

With practised fingers Renny went through each pocket. There was no light to see his face, but Neil could imagine his anger and disappointment when he failed to find what he was looking for. The search lasted no more than thirty seconds, then with equal silence Renny glided back to his bed and lay down again.

Neil had never moved. All he had wanted was to make certain whether Renny had really any suspicion of the existence of the letter. Now he knew. It speaks well for Neil's nerves that, five minutes later, he was deep asleep and that he did not stir until the morning light roused him.

Renny was polite and courteous as ever at breakfast. He was not giving anything away any more than Neil. He spoke of the weather, and complimented Neil on being a true prophet. It was still blowing, though the sky had cleared. He asked Neil what the prospects were for next day, and Neil said he feared it would blow for some time.

Fishing was out of the question owing to the sea that was running, the launch was all ready for a start, and there was very little left to do. Neil wanted a chat with Archie, but had a job to get it, for Renny kept on talking to him. At last Neil got away on the excuse that he had to take up his rabbit snares, and went away up the hill. He knew Archie would follow. Sure enough Archie came after, and the two got away together to a spot where they knew no one could overhear them.

Neil told Archie what had happened the previous night.

"You see," he said, "we can be certain that Renny believes we have the papers."

"Why didn't you go for him?" demanded Archie. "I'd have helped."

"And what would Jupp have been doing?" asked Neil sarcastically.

Archie grunted. "I suppose you're right, but it's only putting off the scrap. It's bound to come."

"I don't want a scrap," said Neil. "It's too risky. It would finish everything if Renny got hold of the letter, for of course he would destroy it at once and then there'd be no evidence for my dad to work on."

"But how—?" began Archie, then Neil stopped him. "Wait a bit, Archie. If you don't want to fight what's the other thing?"

"Run away, I suppose," growled Archie. "That's what I thought of doing," Neil said quietly.

Archie shook his head. "It's no go. Renny's taking jolly good care that no one bolts again with the launch. He took the sail out of her yesterday afternoon and brought it up to the cave."

"I know. But he has forgotten the dinghy."

"I thought you said she wasn't fit for the trip."

Neil shrugged. "It's a risk to go, Archie, it's a bigger risk to stay. From the look of the sky I believe the weather will be all right tomorrow. But if you don't feel like it just say so. I shan't think a bit the worse of you if you decide to stay and go with Renny. If you do I'll stay too."

"Stay!" burst out Archie. "Don't talk rot. Of course I'll go with you. I'd have gone long ago if you'd been willing. We've sailed that dinghy a lot, and I'd just as soon be out in her as in the launch, I mean so long as the weather was anything like decent."

Archie's face was as set and firm as Neil's. There was not the least doubt he meant what he said, and once more Neil felt that glow of pleasure, for Archie was now as good a man as even Mr Chard could desire.

"All right," Neil said. "Then I vote we get off as soon as we can."

Archie looked doubtful. "It's still blowing like old boots," he observed.

"I'm pretty sure the wind will drop by night," Neil said.

"Then Renny will want to start."

"Yes, but I put him off. He won't be in any hurry. My notion is to get everything ready tonight and slip off before daylight."

"There isn't much to get ready," said Archie. "All we want is grub and water for a day. But we'll have to risk all three of them being sound asleep when we go."

"We'll have to chance it."

"Yes," said Archie firmly. "We'll have to chance it. But the odds are that I shall be asleep."

"I can wake any time I like," replied Neil. "I think it will be all right."

"Tell you what," said Archie. "After supper I'll pretend I've got a tummy-ache and am feeling sick. Then they won't think anything of it if I do slip out in the night."

Neil laughed. "Then we'll go back and sneak some grub," he replied. "We can hide it outside and you can pick it up as we go. We must have water too, for we might be becalmed and take a couple of days over the trip."

Luck was with them for, when they got back, Renny had gone down to the launch while Duncan was taking a walk. It was only a matter of minutes to hide some biscuits, two tins of meat, and four bottles of fresh water in a handy crevice among the rocks. Then Neil started to cook supper. Archie watched.

"You're fixing up a regular Christmas dinner," he said presently.

Neil winked. "Part of the game. The more they eat the sounder they'll sleep. And I was right about the weather," he added. "The wind's veering. It will be southerly or westerly by morning."

They had fried fish, a capital stew of tinned meat and vegetables, and one of the few remaining tins of fruit as a sweet course. Even the sour and silent Jupp seemed to enjoy his supper. A little later Archie was noticed to be sitting all doubled up, with an agonised expression on his face.

"What's the matter?" Renny asked. "Eaten too much or something's disagreed with me."

Neil suppressed a desire to laugh, and suggested that Archie had better turn in. Archie obeyed like a lamb. An hour later the lights were out and all were in their beds.

## CHAPTER 38

### The Race is On

FOUR o'clock. Just as if an alarm clock had gone off inside his head Neil was wide awake. He lay for a while quite

still, listening hard. So far as he could tell all the rest were sound asleep. He reached over, took Archie by the arm and shook him gently.

Archie opened his eyes. He understood and lay quiet.

Again they waited, but none of the other three stirred. Archie got up, picked up his clothes and slipped out. Neil was just about to follow when someone moved.

"Who's that gone out?" came Renny's voice.

"It's Grant," replied Neil in a drowsy tone. "Feeling a bit sick, I fancy."

"I'm sorry," said Renny, and lay down again.

Neil thanked his stars for Archie's pretence of the evening before, but all the same he was very uneasy. Now he would have to wait until Renny was asleep again, and—suppose Archie got bothered and came back?

Still there was nothing for it but to lie quiet, and the next five minutes were a heavy strain on Neil's nerves. But there was no sign of Archie, and at last Renny's breathing seemed to prove that he was asleep again.

Neil could wait no longer. He picked up his things and, walking on tip-toe, crept soundlessly out of the cave. There was Archie just round the corner. The night was fine, and though there was no moon the stars gave some light—enough at any rate for him to see that Archie was dressed.

They had not reached the corner before they heard a shout.

"Hi, where are you going?" The voice was Renny's.

"Run!" said Neil urgently. He raced for the corner, and the moment he and Archie were across the gap turned and tipped away the plank.

"That'll stop him," said Archie.

"You'd better come back," called Renny, who had stopped on the far side of the gap. "We are bound to catch you."

But Neil was not wasting any time. In spite of the fact that the sharp rocks cut his bare feet he leaped swiftly down the steep descent to the tiny bay where they kept the dinghy. He had a moment's fear that perhaps Renny had meddled with the boat, but so far as he could see all was right.

"Pull out, Archie!" he ordered. "I'll get the sail up."

How thankful he was that he had taught Archie to row. The dinghy shot out into

the open and Neil had the sail up in record time. Just as he had expected, the wind had gone round and was blowing from the south-west, a steady moderate breeze.

"I'll steer; you get your clothes on," said Archie. "It's pretty cold."

Neil dressed in record time, then took Archie's place at the tiller. As the dinghy drew clear of the island she caught the full force of the wind and began to move more rapidly. But the sea was heavy for so small a boat and the wave tops broke over her so that Archie had to bale. Neil was very anxious.

"They'll be after us, and the launch will travel a lot faster in this sea than we can," he told Archie. "Our only hope is that they won't see us. It's pretty dark."

"But they'll know which way we're going," said Archie.

"Which is more than I do," returned Neil. "I've only the wind to guide me, and if it changes before daylight we shall be properly in the soup. They've a compass in the launch."

"They're starting, I believe," said Archie, straining his eyes in the direction of the island. "I believe I can see her sail."

"Then they'll see ours," said Neil, a bit grimly. "Well, there's nothing for it but to carry on. Watch out, Archie, and tell me if you see her. It's taking me all my time to sail this boat."

"She's sailing jolly well," Archie declared, and he was right. Considering how small she was the way the dinghy ripped along was most encouraging. Up one wave, down another, she was leaving a good wake behind her and moving, Neil thought, at something between five and six knots.

It was roughly thirty miles to the mainland. If this wind held they might hope to do the passage in five to six hours. But there was no saying if the wind would hold.

"Can you see her, Archie?" Neil asked presently.

"Can't be sure. Sometimes I think I catch a patch of white against the sky, but it may be only a breaking wave."

"Then she's not close, anyhow."

A small boat takes a lot of sailing in a rough sea, and Neil had his hands full. So had Archie, for a deal of water came aboard and he had to keep his baler going. So the time wore on until at last the stars began to dim and a ghost-like greyness showed in the east.

"Dawn's coming," said Archie.

"I'm glad," said Neil. "Now we shall see where we are."

"So will Renny," Archie remarked.

"Don't croak. He may be miles away," returned Neil. But he wasn't. As the light increased Archie, who was keeping a sharp look-out, suddenly pointed.

"There's the launch!" he said sharply. Neil looked and whistled softly. "Less than a mile away," added Archie, "and almost level."

"But north of us," said Neil.

"Does that make any difference?"

"A heap," Neil told him. "If she was to the south she'd be on us in ten minutes. As it is—"

He paused. Archie looked puzzled, but only for a moment. "I see!" he exclaimed. "We've been sailing nearer the wind than she."

"That's it, old lad, but we can sail closer still if we want to."

"We'd better. They've seen us."

Archie was right, for the bow of the launch came round and she headed for a point about a mile ahead of the dinghy. Renny evidently thought he could pick the dinghy up within that distance.

Neil at once answered by turning the dinghy into the wind. The dinghy, from her shape, was able to sail closer to the wind than the flatter-bottomed launch. She did not, of course, sail so fast with the wind on her beam as she had been doing while running free, but the same applied to the launch.

Now the chase was on in earnest, and, as the sun rose and turned the dull sea to flashing green and snow-white, it was just as if the two craft were sailing a match. So they were; Neil thought and wondered greatly what the outcome would be. He knew Renny too well to expect any mercy if he caught them. In spite of his suave manners the man was hard as nails and set on nothing but his own advantage. Oh, it was going to be bad if the launch proved the better ship!

"She's not gaining," said Archie presently.

"She's not losing either," said Neil.

"See here, Archie, this is going to be a long job and I have to sail the dinghy for all I'm worth. I wish you'd give me a drink of water and a biscuit."

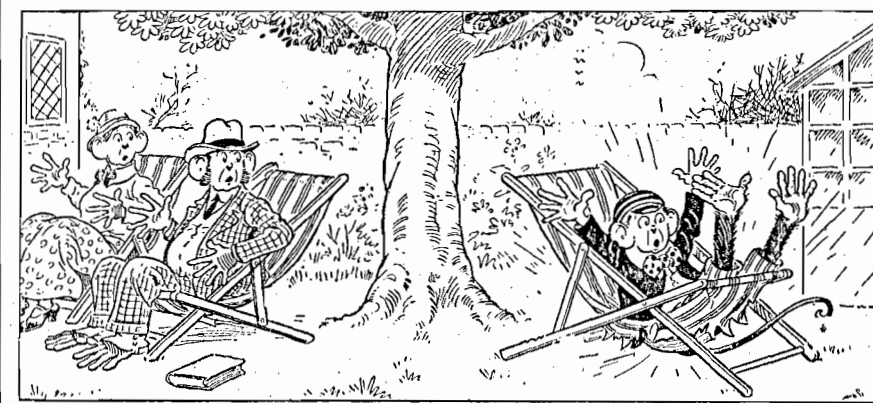
A look of horror crossed Archie's face. "Neil, I've forgotten the grub," he said in a tone of the deepest distress.

TO BE CONTINUED

## JACKO FORGETS

FATHER JACKO said it was a shame to stay indoors when the garden was looking so lovely, and he gave his wife no peace till she set a table under the apple tree and spread the dinner on it.

But as he raised his spoon to his lips down dropped a fat green caterpillar plop into his soup!



There was a loud crack

Jacko roared with laughter.

"What's become of all the deck chairs?" asked Father Jacko.

"They're up in the loft," said Jacko. "Shall I get them down?" And, without waiting for an answer, he rushed away; in a few minutes three dusty chairs were lying in a heap on a the lawn.

"What a mouldy lot!" said Jacko. "They only want a wash," said his mother. "A pail of water and a scrubbing brush will make them like new."

Mother Jacko must have attacked the dirt with no light hand, for when Jacko next caught sight of them he noticed that one had a great crack in the middle of the seat.

"Someone's going to get a bump!" grinned Jacko.

He pushed the chair forward at an inviting angle and sneaked off into the bushes to wait for the "fun" to begin.

Out of the house came Mother Jacko and Father Jacko. They ignored the broken chair and sat down under the

apple tree. Mother Jacko had a letter in her hand.

"Uncle Timothy wants Jacko to spend a week at the farm," she began. "But I don't think—"

Jacko came across the lawn at a single bound.

"Oh, I say, Mater!" he cried.

"Why not? Be a sport!"

Mother Jacko jumped.

"How you startled me!" she exclaimed. "Sit down and let me think."

There was only one chair to sit on, and that was the broken one. Without a thought, Jacko gave a spring and landed in the middle of it.

There was a loud crack. The chair doubled up. And so did Jacko!



## Delicious Fruit Pudding.

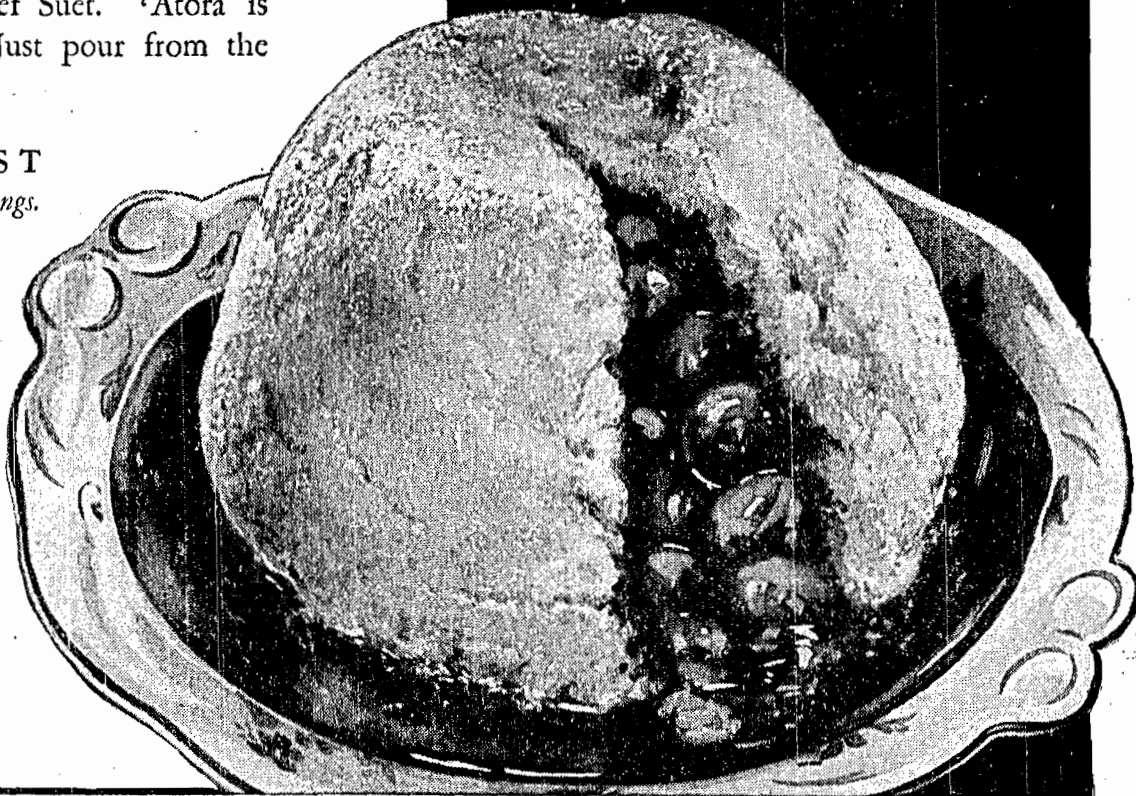
'Atora' is the finest Beef Suet in the world for delicious fruit puddings! Sweet, tender, suet crust, steeped in the rich juice of fresh fruit—how appetising, nourishing, satisfying! And the pudding is no trouble to make, thanks to this good Beef Suet. 'Atora' is ready-shredded for convenience. Just pour from the packet, that's all.

### SUET CRUST for fresh Fruit Puddings.

8 oz. Self-raising Flour, or  
8 oz. Flour and 1 teaspoonful Baking Powder.  
4 oz. Shredded 'Aтора.' Pinch of Salt.

Mix the flour, baking powder and salt well together, add the Shredded 'Aтора,' and mix, do not rub in. Add water to mix to a firm paste (about a small teacupful) and roll out. Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons. Steam 1½ to 2 hours on slow fire or low gas jet.

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the "Aтора" Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from HUGON & Co., Ltd., Openshaw, MANCHESTER.



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### AN ISLAND ADVENTURE



IN OLDEN TIMES,  
SMUGGLERS FOUND  
THE ISLE OF MAN a convenient centre  
for their activities. To-day, Happy Holiday-  
makers find romance and beauty in this  
popular Holiday Isle. Make up your mind  
to visit it this year. It's easy to reach,  
economical, and full of variety.

**£280 Amateur Photographic  
Competition**

**ISLE OF MAN  
FOR HAPPY HOLIDAYS**

GET THE NEW GUIDE from Tourist Agents,  
Railway Stations, or Write G. L. Clague, Publicity  
Dept., Isle of Man.

*For your  
throat's ache*

**Allenburys  
PASTILLES**

*Glycerine &  
Black Currant*

Your Chemist stocks them  
In tins, 2 oz. 8d.  
4 oz. 1/3

### UNCLE ODOL'S PAINTING COMPETITION

#### PRIZE WINNERS FOR MAY

The following boys and girls have been  
awarded prizes for their excellent work  
in the May Painting Competition:

#### GIRLS.

Marion Wilkinson, Hey-  
wood.  
Stella Haines, Syston,  
Leicester.  
Ruth Crosswell, Audlem.  
Mary Child, Birmingham.  
Beryl Priestley, Accring-  
ton.

#### BOYS.

Joseph Harvey, Newcastle-  
on-Tyne.  
Kenneth Ferguson, Can-  
nock.  
Leslie Thorp, Edgware.  
Brian Daniel, Cardiff.  
David Standley, Norwich.  
Andrew Stinson, Burntis-  
land.  
Kenneth Phethean, West  
Bridgford.  
James Topp, Coventry.

Edna Robinson, Cadroxton.  
Jessie Oakley, Bickley.  
Eleanor Dealey, Sheffield.  
Phyllis May, Bromley.  
Phyllis Keeley, Thurton.  
Mary Cole, Exeter.  
Peggy Rutt, Rugby.  
Kathleen Daniel, Cardiff.

Duncan Close, York.  
Laurence Stone, Urmston.  
Aubrey Stone, Urmston.  
William Collins, West  
Hampton.  
Edward Ward, York.  
Jacky Trunko, Bridgwater.  
Rowland Horton, Raven-  
dale.  
William Friend, Upper  
Stourmouth.

**ENTER NOW FOR THE NEXT GREAT  
PRIZE DISTRIBUTION**

Full particulars in the Odol Picture and  
Story Book which is FREE when you buy  
ODOL SOLID DENTIFRICE.

REMEMBER

**Odol**

**MAKES TEETH LIKE PEARLS**

*Delicious*  
**Wilkin's  
RED BOY  
LIQUORICE ROLLS**  
—The original and best!  
MADE ONLY BY WILKIN



You will have a  
new interest in  
bread when you  
taste "Bermaline."

It is  
Most nutritious.  
Most delicious.  
Most easily  
digested.

**BERMALINE  
BREAD** *from Quality Bakers*



Arthur Mee's  
**HEROES**  
Sixpence every Friday

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

June 9, 1934

Arthur Mee's  
**HEROES**  
Sixpence every Friday

## THE BRAN TUB

### Sharing the Cake

WHEN each child at a school treat had received an equal portion of a large cake two-thirds of it had disappeared.

Nine of the children asked for more, so the remainder of the cake was divided equally among them, and each of the nine received the same amount as before. How many children were there?

Answer next week

### St Helena's Stamp

THIS is one of the new St Helena stamps issued to commemorate the centenary of the handing over of the island by the East India Company to the Colonial Government. This stamp



shows a plantation on St Helena and the four sovereigns of England during the last hundred years: William the Fourth, Queen Victoria, Edward the Seventh, and George the Fifth.

### Next Week in the Countryside

THE landrail lays. The spotted flycatcher hatches out its eggs. The second broods of red-breasts are hatched. Young jackdaws, swallows, and redstarts are fledged. The song of the redstart ceases. The dagger moth, silver Y moth, small elephant hawkmoth, pink underwing moth, large skipper butterfly, and large brown dragon-fly are seen. The butterfly orchis, yellow flag, black bryony, mallow, thyme, snapdragon, yellow vetchling, woody nightshade, meadow-rue, henbane, and black knapweed are in blossom.

### Tangled Cricketers

BELOW are the tangled names of six well-known cricketers.

ARM BAND COVE  
LOUD WOLF SAME  
RING LAD PEN TRAY  
Who are they? Answer next week

### Ici On Parle Français



Elle adore mettre ses pantoufles. Il tombera de la neige cet hiver. Je me lave les mains avec du savon.

### An Omnibus Name

How many names can you see here?

#### SIDANELLENANN

It will be found that it is a combination of the names Sid, Ida, Dan, Nell, Ellen, Len, Ena, Nan, and Ann, all with their letters in the right order.

### What Are We?

UNSEEN, unfelt, by night, by day,

Abroad we take our airy way. We fasten love, we kindle strife, The bitter and the sweet of life. Piercing and sharp, we wound like steel;

Now, smooth as oil, those wounds we heal. Not strings of pearls are valued more, Nor gems encased in golden ore; Yet thousands of us every day, Worthless and vile, are thrown away.

Ye wise, secure with bars of brass The double doors through which we pass;

For, once escaped, back to our cell No art of man can us compel.

Answer next week

### Stereoscopic Photographs

IT is quite simple to make pictures for the C.N. stereoscope (offered to readers on page 13) without a special camera.

All that is required is an ordinary camera and some firm, level

base on which to rest it. When the first picture has been taken and the film turned the camera should be moved about three inches to the right or left and another picture taken.

The two prints can be pasted on a card when the correct placing of the right and left pictures has been found by experiment.

For portraits or any subject in which there is movement use two cameras side by side, the shutters being released simultaneously.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Jupiter is in the South-West, Neptune

is in the West, and Mercury is in the North-West. In the morning Venus is in the East and Saturn is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 10 p.m. on June 15.



### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

#### A Birthday Problem

A, March 31—B, April 15—C, May 9—D, June 1.

#### Transposition. Star, tar, rats

#### A Hidden Word

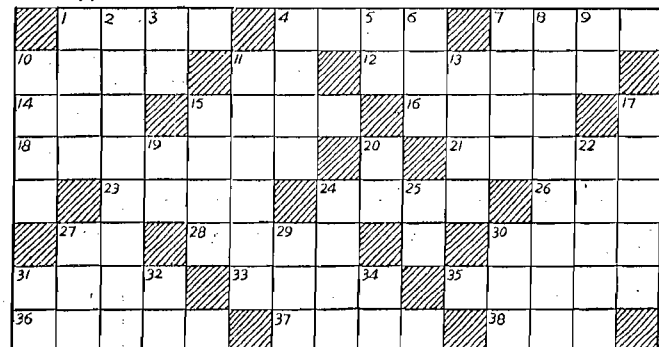
The first letters of the lines spell the word Arithmetic.

#### Behaved Word

Cleave, leave, eave, Eva, va

## The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 48 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



**Reading Across.** 1. A trade centre. 4. An infant. 7. A hostile incursion. 10. A tear. 11. Exist. 12. Stoppage. 14. An industrious insect. 15. Twofold. 16. There should be many of these in the Test Matches. 18. Instruction. 21. A wading-bird with long legs. 23. A landing-place. 24. Land surrounded by water. 26. The ocean. 27. Trade Union.\* 28. A soft, bluish-grey metal. 30. A heavenly body. 31. A bard. 33. One's regular food. 35. Exploits. 36. Assumes an attitude. 37. Acidulous. 38. Advertisements.\*

**Reading Down.** 1. A bill of fare. 2. Very old things. 3. Right.\* 4. A kind of runner. 5. Bachelor of Arts.\* 6. To stray. 7. To let on lease. 8. Helped. 9. Pronoun. 10. To reprove. 11. Kept afloat in water. 13. An artifice. 15. A clock-face. 17. Seen in myriads at night. 19. Same as 27 across. 20. Exists. 22. Directs. 24. A notion. 25. Behold. 27. As well. 29. Small island in a river. 30. Same as 26 across. 31. Pages.\* 32. Note in tonic solfa scale. 34. Transpose.\*

## Dr MERRYMAN

### Rain Certain

WHITE: Do you think we shall have rain today?

Black: Very likely. I'm wearing a new straw hat and a new flannel suit, and the car has just been washed down and polished.

### A Problem

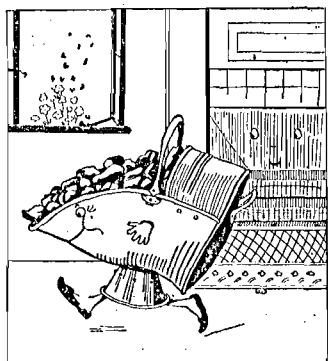
A VISITOR from the East was taken from Hyde Park Corner to Piccadilly Circus by Underground.

"Why do you go down into the earth instead of along the roads?" he asked his guide.

"Because it saves time," he was told, "perhaps as much as five minutes."

"Saves time?" said the visitor. "And what do you do with it when you've saved it?"

### Not Wanted



GOODBYE to the winter, for summer is here;

Flowers are blooming, the fireplace is clear.

"Hurrah!" (cries the coal, as it scuttles away)

I shall not be wanted for many a day."

### Why Go Away?

THEY met for the first time for several weeks.

"Hullo, Binks! Where have you been all this time?" asked Banks.

"I had to go to Blankton Spa for my rheumatism," replied Binks.

"Really? I picked mine up right here at home."

### He'd Never See It

OPTIMIST: Cheer up, old chap. Every cloud has a silver lining.

Pessimist: Maybe; but everybody hasn't got an aeroplane.

### The Home Truth

THE conversation had turned to the subject of singing.

"Everybody tells me that I sing with a great deal of feeling," said Bill.

"You'd show far more feeling if you didn't sing," said his candid young brother.

## THE MARY ANNE

gentleman came in only a few minutes ago and bought her. Shall I show you some others?"

Maurice was terribly disappointed. He shook his head violently, and they left the shop.

When they got home Captain Bob had arrived, and heard the story very sympathetically. "That was hard luck," he said, "but perhaps this will cheer you up a bit."

Maurice took the box offered him half-heartedly and mumbled his thanks; but when he opened it he gave a cry of joy. There, carefully wrapped in brown paper, lay the Mary Anne!

Maurice ran to his uncle and hugged him. "Come on!" he cried. "Let's go and try her."

to show you how to manage the Mary Anne, if you get her. He is a sea captain, you know," he added.



"What a lovely boat!"

On the day before Maurice's birthday Mr Grey said, "Well, son, you have been very good lately, and I think you deserve your ship. How about coming with me to get her?"

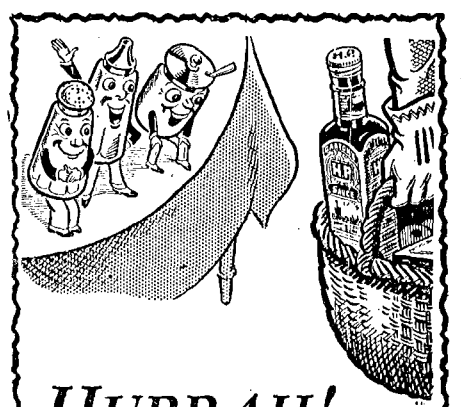
Maurice danced with delight, and ran to tell his mother his news.

"I expect your uncle will be here by the time we are back," remarked Mr Grey; but Maurice hardly noticed what he was saying. All his thoughts were with the lovely Mary Anne, the ship of his dreams. As they reached the toyshop the little boy gave a cry of dismay. The Mary Anne was gone!

It was all Maurice could do to prevent himself from bursting into tears.

"Perhaps she's only been taken inside while the window is being re-arranged," said his father, and they went inside to ask.

"The Mary Anne?" said the girl at the counter. "A



# HURRAH!

SHE HASN'T FORGOTTEN THE

## 4<sup>TH</sup> CONDIMENT

Three Condiments are not enough. They never have been. That is why H.P. Sauce was prepared—to supply those tempting flavours that pepper, mustard and salt cannot give. By popular acclaim H.P. Sauce has become the 4th and favourite Condiment. When appetite is lacking, H.P. finds it. When flavour is wanted, H.P. gives it. Besides, this 4th Condiment is an excellent digestive.

# HP SAUCE

Get some to-day—9d. a large bottle.

## BE PARTICULAR

## WHY ASK SIMPLY FOR BROWN BREAD? THERE ARE ALL SORTS—GOOD AND LESS GOOD BE PARTICULAR AND SAY

# HōVIS

TRADE MARK

## BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

Norwich

## TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

MAURICE first saw the Mary Anne in the toyshop window when he was out with his father. She had big white sails and was marked 8s. 6d.

"What a lovely boat," said the little boy. "I should just love to sail her round the pond in the park."

"Perhaps you'll be lucky in your birthday," said Daddy, smiling.

Maurice hoped very much that he would get her. Every morning after this he stopped on the way to school to look at her, and point her out to the other boys.

One morning Mr Grey, Maurice's daddy, said, "Your uncle Bob is coming to stay for a few days next month, and he will be here for your birthday. You must ask him